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Tissa David.

These action roughs of Raggedy Ann are reproduced from model sheets drawn by TISSA DAVID, who animated the title character for the new full-length animation musical, 'Raggedy Ann & Andy'. Famed animator GRIM NATWICK, writes a tribute to Tissa in this issue.

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No. 33, March 1977

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WRIGHT ANGLES
by Larry Wright
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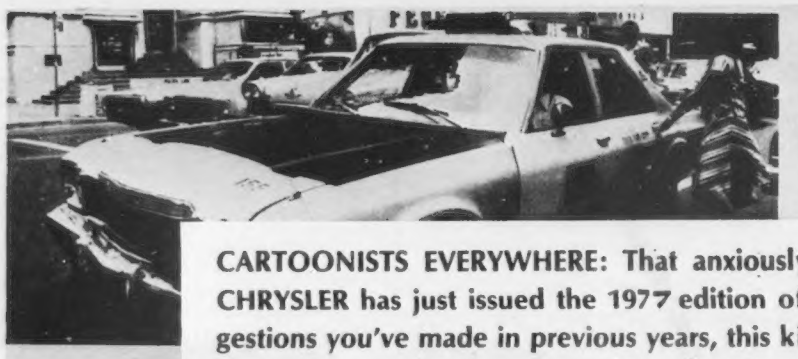

CARTOONISTS EVERYWHERE: That anxiously-awaited annual publishing event is here! CHRYSLER has just issued the 1977 edition of its ILLUSTRATOR'S KIT! Because of the suggestions you've made in previous years, this kit is the best ever! And it's available free-of-charge to any of our readers who will write to Frank Wylie and request one. And after you have looked the kit over, please do Frank the favor of sending him your suggestions for future improvements in this invaluable help to all cartoonists. We salute CHRYSLER for this effort!

CARTOONIST PROfiles

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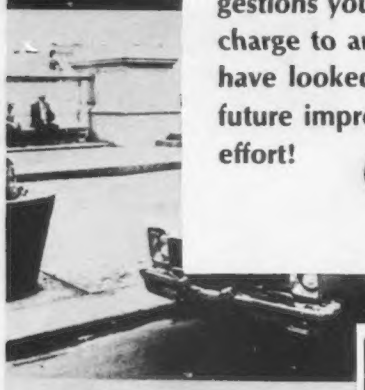

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Dear Illustrator:

As in the past, we have incorporated many of your suggestions for improvement into this 1977 version of the Illustrator's Kit.

For example, in the section devoted to various photographic heights and angles, we have used, on each page, three different views of each model. There are more views of police cars and taxicabs and some unusual action photos are included in the section on stunt driving. And for those who want more old cars, we have included pictures of models in the Chrysler line for each model year from 1924 to 1960.

Cordially,

Frank

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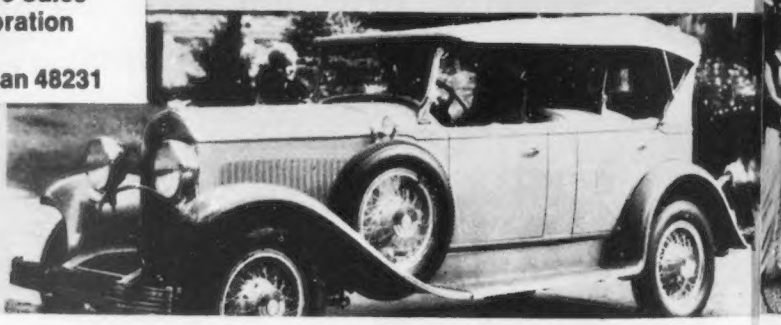

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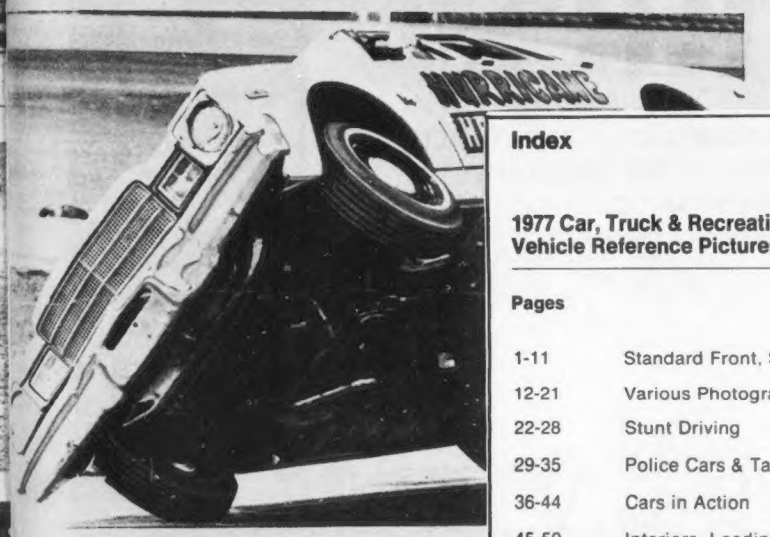

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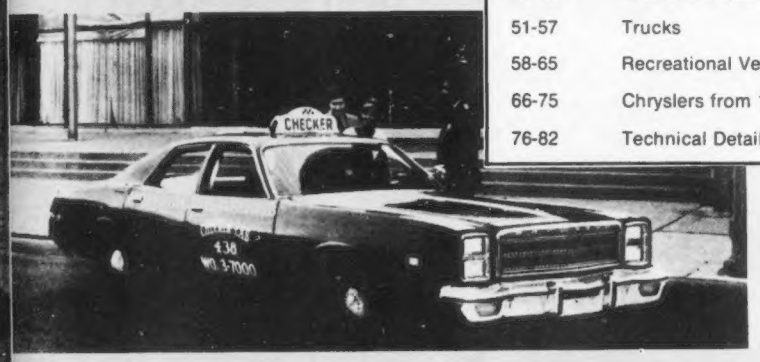

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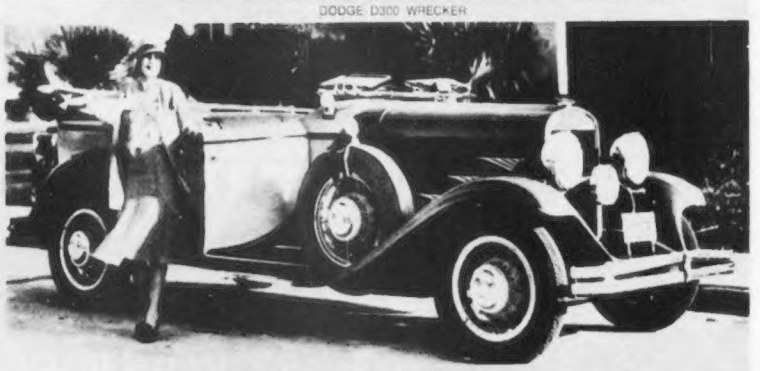

1930 CHRYSLER

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CARTOONIST PROfiles

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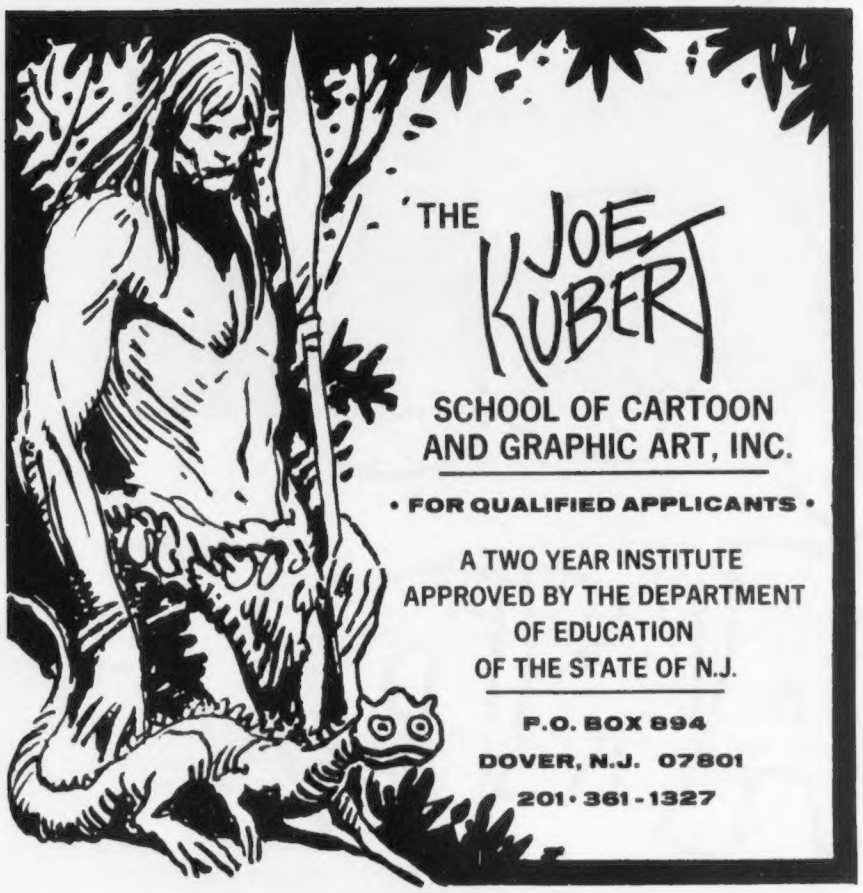
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RAGGEDY ANN & ANDY

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L to R: Famed animators Tissa David, Emory Hawkins, Art Babbitt, and Director Richard Williams.

We thank Mike Hutner, of Twentieth Century-Fox, for the production notes about this new full-length animated film, RAGGEDY ANN & ANDY, which is having its world-premiere in New York on March 20th.

Raggedy Ann is a caricature of a rag doll, with stringy red hair, button eyes and a painted triangular nose.

Harold Geneen is the Chairman of the Board of the ITT Corporation, an industrial empire which includes hotel chains, construction companies, the Bobbs-Merrill book publishing house and a car rental firm which tries harder.

It was hardly destined that they would be linked in one of the year's most ambitious entertainment ventures. But the proof is on 35 mm Panavision film, in the form of "Raggedy Ann and Andy," the feature-length animated musical from 20th Century Fox.

The genesis of the full-length animated musical—one of the few such projects attempted during the past few decades without the Disney insignia—is a story which has its own touches of fantasy. In addition to ITT's Board Chairman, the principals include:

- A team of Broadway theatre-owners and producers, who never before made a movie, let alone an animated feature.
- An Emmy-winning composer, one of whose songs was a hit for both "Kermit the Frog" and Frank Sinatra.
- An Academy Award winning director who thought he was out of the picture until he took part in an all-night jam session at his Soho studio.
- Several legendary cartoonists, including the originator of "Betty Boop" and the man who gave Disney—and the rest of America—the beloved "Goofy."

How they came to join forces really begins in Silvermine, Conn. in the early 1900's, when newspaper cartoonist John Gruelle took a few minutes away from his drawing board to help his daughter fix a discarded rag doll. The toy was named "Raggedy Ann" by combining characters from two poems by James Whitcomb Riley—The Rag Man and Orphant Annie.

When Marcella Gruelle became desperately ill, her father sat by her bedside, making up stories about the doll's adventures after everyone in the house was asleep. Marcella died on March 21st, 1916, after which her father determined to share with the world the stories he had not had time to tell her.

By the early 1970's, Raggedy Ann was part of American folklore, a character whose exploits had sold some 80 million books and hundreds of millions of toys and games. That was when Lester Osterman, a former stockbroker who brought Sammy Davis, Jr. to Broadway in "Mr. Wonderful," and Richard Horner, an ex-actor who had appeared in the Oberammergau "Passion Play," became involved. The producers of such Broadway successes as "Butley" and "Hadrian the Seventh," they had just completed a live-action television special for the Hallmark Hall of Fame, based on the children's classic, "The Littlest Angel." Now they were searching for a similar property . . . for the same showcase.

A casual lunch with a merchandiser of children's toys proved crucial. "Would you believe that after all these years, 'Raggedy Ann' is still one of the biggest sellers?" inquired the friend rhetorically. Within a few days, Osterman and Horner were on the doorstep of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, which publishes the "Raggedy Ann" stories, requesting development rights to the character.

An equally informal meeting with Joe Raposo, Emmy-winning composer-conductor of "Sesame Street," brought music to the project. Horner and Osterman found themselves seated with Raposo at a Friars' Roast for Johnny Carson. Somewhere between the broiled chicken and dessert, Raposo agreed to score the "Raggedy Ann" tales.

Next to join the troupe were writers Max Wilk and Pat Thackeray. True to Gruelle's imagination, they created a fantasy world in which toys spring joyously to life. When Raggedy Ann discovers that the pixieish French doll, Babette, has been kidnapped by a pirate known as Captain Contagious, they set out to free her. That takes them into the "deep dark

woods", inhabited by such personalities as the "Looney King," "the camel with the wrinkled knees" (one of Gruelle's personal favorites) and the "Greedy," a kind of confectionery version of the La Brea Tarpits. "We thought we were writing a live television special," recalls Ms. Thackeray. "So much so that we began casting Raggedy Ann in our minds, alternating between personalities like Liza Minnelli and Goldie Hawn."

But Raposo was having second thoughts. "It won't work," he finally admitted. "Put a red fright wig and a painted mouth on an actress—any actress—and do you know what you'll have? A circus clown."

The obvious alternative was a full-length animated musical cartoon. Which is like saying the obvious alternative to your reliable family car is to go out and buy a Rolls Royce. There is a reason, as director Richard Williams would later point out, why animated features are almost exclusively the province of the Disney organization. "And even Disney turns out several live comedies and nature films for every animated movie," Williams notes.

To create 90 minutes or more of full animation (as opposed to the jittery short-cuts of television cartooning) requires more than one million preliminary and final drawings. From inception to "answer print" takes three years or more. "And the cost," adds Williams, "is tremendous."

"Since the Hallmark people had discussed a live musical, they were perfectly justified in walking away from a more costly animated feature," says Horner. The producers now had a cartoon without a cartoonist, a television special without a sponsor, and a project without investors. But it was no time to think small. Why settle for a television special? Why not make "Raggedy Ann and Andy" as a movie?

It was back to Bobbs-Merrill with the suggestion that Osterman-Horner and the publishing house become partners in the proposed film. That, the publishing executives said, was up to their parent company, ITT. A meeting was arranged with Board Chairman Geneen, which developed into a corporate backers audition.

Pat Thackeray later described the "incredible afternoon" to author and critic John Canemaker, whose book, "The Animated 'Raggedy Ann and Andy'—The Story Behind the Movie," will be published at the same time as the 20th Century Fox release.

"Geneen came into the room, asking questions, his mind like a laser," she said. "He remembered a stage version of 'Raggedy Ann' he'd enjoyed as a youngster, in the 1920's. We made our presentation. Then, as we were going down in the elevator, a guard told me, 'I don't know who you are but you've got it made.'

"I asked why.

"The guard said, 'Because the old man stuck his head out of the door and asked what I thought of the music coming from his office. I said it sounded pretty good to me. 'That wasn't just good, Harry,' he said, 'that was terrific.'"

With financial backing assured, the next problem was simple. Who would draw the million-plus pictures which would make up the finished movie? And who would piece them all together with wit and style?

First choice was Richard Williams, the Canadian-born, London based head of his own animation studio who had won an Academy Award for "A Christmas Carol" and a host of admirers for the "Return of the Pink Panther." Despite a commitment to his own project, "The Thief and the Cobbler" Williams listened to Raposo's score, and said yes.

"But my business manager said 'no,'" Williams recalled. "Or to put it more accurately, he priced my services so high, there was no way the picture could have come in on budget." What happened to the business manager? "He's not with me anymore," Williams replied with British sang-froid.

Osterman and Horner began negotiations with a New York cartoon "factory" which specialized in limited animation for television. Within a short period (according to Canemaker), the newcomers had virtually thrown away the Wilk-Thackeray script, replacing Gruelle's characters with a "Love Fairy" and a "Cookie Grant." Outraged, Raposo walked out of a story conference ("before I threw up from all that treacle," he recalls) and caught a plane to London to make a last-ditch attempt at hiring Williams.

Discovering a shared taste in jazz, the two men opened a bottle of Scotch and during an impromptu jam session, past misunderstandings vanished in a vapor of 12-year-old malt and good will. The animated movie finally had an animator.

It was Williams who formulated the approach to the picture. "Disney's contribution to animation is colossal," he said. "The technique of bringing a cartoon character to life would still be in the dark ages without Disney. But to copy the 'look' of his films would have been disastrous.

"Instead, I said, 'let's be as rich and lush as Disney in a totally different style . . . in the style of Johnny Gruelle.'"

A remarkable team of animators was assembled in New York and Hollywood to carry out that mission. Included were several men and women who can legitimately be termed 'living legends' in the field of motion picture cartooning.

There was Grim Natwick, a spry octogenarian, who had designed the first of the "Betty Boop" pictures for producer Max Fleischer in the thirties and animated the majority of Snow White's scenes for Disney. Another Disney veteran was Art Babbitt, the co-creator of "Goofy" and the dancing mushrooms in "Fantasia," whose verbal donnybrooks with Disney during the 1940's had been peppery Hollywood gossip.

To draw the "Greedy," a 'monster' made of whipped cream, cherry banana taffy, chocolate fudge and other sugary delights, Emory Hawkins—a veteran of Disney as well as the MGM and Warner Brothers cartoon studios—was summoned from his New Mexico ranch. "Raggedy Ann" herself was drawn by Tissa David, Transylvanian-born artist who had worked with Natwick at UPA Productions during the heyday of "Mr. Magoo" and "Gerald McBoing Boing."

From Canada came Gerald Potterton, head of his own animation studio, whose credits include the Peabody Award winning "Pinter People" and key sequences in the Beatles' "Yellow Submarine." The design of the vital storyboards and layouts which gave the picture its graphics stamp was up to Cornelius "Corny" Cole, both an animator and a renowned painter.

The musical routines for the "Twin Penny Dolls," whose movements are perfectly synchronized with each other, were drawn by Gerry Chiniquy, who looks like Gene Kelly and specializes in "dance animation." During a ten year period at the Warner Brothers Studios, whenever Bugs Bunny or Daffy Duck were called on to trip the light fantastic, Chiniquy got the nod.

Soon, the sketches began mounting—at the unit's bustling New York headquarters (which are wag dubbed "Raggedy Ann East"), a California studio and director Williams home base in London. Williams job was clearly defined.

"I was in charge of catching airplanes," he laughed. Spending ten days to two weeks in each city, Williams would check the work of dozens of illustrators, pencil in his own suggestions, hold story conferences, review preliminary sound-track recordings, analyze the "Leica Reel" (a rough compilation of the motion picture in progress, pieced together as new drawings and backgrounds were added "like a jigsaw puzzle"), then rush to the airport.

"I became one of the world's great authorities on jet lag," he added.

Choosing the voices of Captain Contagious, Suzy Pincushion, the zany "Gazooks" and other denizens of Raggedy Ann's fantasy world became a crucial problem. Tradition says the voices for a feature-length cartoon should be box-office names whose unseen presence will enhance the picture's publicity and promotion. Raposo and Williams chose to defy tradition, backed by co-producer Horner. "We were treating the picture as a big, lavish Broadway musical—in the form of an animated cartoon—so we looked to Broadway for vocally gifted actors," said Raposo. Casting sessions were held in a New York studio, where hundreds of performers went through their paces.

"I knew the long hours were getting to me when I walked through the hall, outside the studio, and saw a man reading our script, who really looked like a camel," said Williams. Ironically, the actor was dour-faced Fred Stuthman, who eventually did provide the voice for the "Camel With the Wrinkled Knees."

Another actor's reaction set the whimsical tone of the casting sessions.

"You want me to play *what*?" said Joe Silver, veteran of such movies as "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz", in utter disbelief.

"An enormous pit of taffy, filled with gumdrops and maraschino cherries and covered with chocolate sauce," answered casting director Howard Feuer.

"Is this a gag?" asked Silver. He was quickly persuaded it was not and even more quickly rose to the chocolate covered challenge.

Virtually all of the "Raggedy Ann and Andy" voices are better known to their peers than to the general public. Included are Didi Conn of the television series, "The Practice," whose voice has been likened to that of a "sexy frog" as Raggedy Ann; Mark Baker, co-star of Leonard Bernstein's "Candide" as Andy; Allan Sues from "Laugh-In," Arnold Stang, Mason Adams and George S. Irving. The "sockworm" is vocally portrayed by a man with more impressive credentials in another phase of show business—Sheldon Harnick, lyricist of "Fiddler on the Roof."

Only one performer is seen on film, during an introductory sequence about Marcella Gruelle. Casting the role, director Williams recalls, was a thorny problem. "I needed a little girl on whom I could impose a 12 hour work day, to stay within schedule." Rather than face some other tot's outraged parents, he

selected his own six-year-old daughter, Claire. "My presence made it a kind of game for her," he adds.

Meanwhile, the pressure at Raggedy Ann East, Raggedy Ann West and the London base was mounting. Williams and his associates had promised a finished movie to Bobbs-Merrill in time for the film to be launched nationally by Easter, 1977. The million-plus drawings had been completed, and now the inkers, opaquers, "in betweeners," and other technical craftsmen, vital to an animated movie, were working double and triple shifts, to meet the deadline.

The only rule, Williams paradoxically demanded as he fired memos to the tripartite staff ("usually dictated somewhere over Kansas,") was that there must be no compromise in quality. Typical of the fine detail necessary to achieve "full animation" was an incident which occurred in the office of veteran supervisor Marlene Robinson. An "in betweener"—responsible for linking the animators' drawings, frame by frame—was frustrated. Several strands of Raggedy Ann's hair refused to move in rhythm with the rest of the character.

The next hour was devoted to re-drawing the wisps of hair, over and over, until there was perfect synchronization.

"It seems like such a little thing," Ms. Robinson said afterward. "But blown up to Panavision size, anything which distracts the eye of the moviegoer—shapes that vary, colors that fade, even a recalcitrant strand of hair, is enough to destroy the 'illusion.'"

In another room, Cosmo Pepe, working with complex equipment designed by cameraman Al Rezek, was transferring the drawings onto sheets of transparent celluloid—by shooting 13,000 volts of electricity through them—prior to putting them through a Xerox enlarger. "We developed a special toner, for the enlargements, to Dick Williams' specifications," Pepe revealed. "The toning is vitally important; it affects the way the characters stand out on the big screen. The formula for this toner is as closely guarded as a three star chef's award winning recipe."

By the time "Raggedy Ann and Andy" was completed, and ready for release by 20th Century Fox more than five years had past from the date on which Osterman and Horner first solicited the rights from Bobbs-Merrill. More than two years had been spent in production.

Richard Williams summed up the feelings of everyone involved by quoting Johnny Gruelle. "It does pay to do more work than you are paid for, after all," Gruelle once told an interviewer. "Someone, somewhere, sometime will see it and appreciate it."

Grim Natwick coaches a young animator at Richard Williams' Studio, Soho Square, London—1974.

TISSA

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© 1975 Catharine Bushnell

TISSA DAVID

by GRIM NATWICK

Only occasionally, a watermelon turns into a mink coat or a rutabaga turns into a diamond bracelet or a Hungarian becomes a successful animator of cartoons. Sometimes it does happen. At least it did happen once.

Tissa is the name of a river in Hungary. It flows through the cities of Csongra and Szeged and refreshes the vineyards of the famous Tokaj wines.

A little Hungarian girl with a big nose used to spend summer vacations on the verdant banks of the Tissa. Every summer, her father, Lajos David, a professor of chemistry at the university in Szeged, took his brood of seven daughters and three sons to the upper reaches of the Tissa where they basked in the hot Hungarian sun and where the toddler, Teresa Marie, fell into the river so many times it became difficult to tell which was Teresa and which was the Tissa. So they just started calling the drenched moppet "Tissa". The sobriquet has stayed with her ever since.

Tissa's falling into the river was due only to her failure to distinguish between dry land and wet water. It was not due to poor eyesight.

At age eighteen she showed unusual skill as an artist.

The great Walt Disney picture "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" had reached the Hungarian screen. Caught-up in the magic of animation, Tissa and some of her artist friends formed an animation group in Budapest. It was a happy, booming organization. Tissa had found a career. She had become a producer of animated cartoons.

That was before the Russians came. When the Russians came, they took over Tissa's studio. Her creative freedom ended. She now would become only a small part in a conglomerate that would tell her what to do and how to do it. Heartsick, she knew she would no longer be able to stay in Hungary. With a girl she had known in art school, an escape from their homeland was planned. This was an experience that belongs to the age of the Crusaders. It took a year of planning and the risk of their lives but it was accomplished.

Crossing the border into Austria was only a first step. Their objective was to reach Paris. It's a long walk from Vienna to Paris, yet after months of disasters and happy surprises they came at long last to the fabled city of the Montmartre, the Louvre, Notre Dame, the Lapin Agile, the Moulin Rouge, the home of Delacroix, Picasso, Renoir, Utrillo, Braque and Monet. Now a new ambition haunted Tissa; she would not be happy until she reached America.

Without breaking too many French laws, a former Hungarian who had an animation studio in Paris was able to supply Tissa with part-time work. This was not a prosperous time but with her friends in the studio, a palpable life pattern was achieved.

Some of the theaters in Paris devoted entire

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These drawings of RAGGEDY ANN by Tissa are in sequence. We suggest that those of our readers who would like to see just how the figure moves from drawing to drawing, can Xerox this and the following page, superimpose the drawings and flip them to observe the action.

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Our longtime subscriber, GRIM NATWICK (the noted animator and a key figure in the making of the new full-length animated film, RAGGEDY ANN & ANDY which you've just read about on the preceding pages) is very enthusiastic about the abilities of TISSA DAVID whose remarkable career he writes about here. This is indeed praise from a master!

evenings to showing American animated cartoons. The then unique films produced by Hollywood's UPA studio, had a profound effect on Tissa. Disney was, of course, the Grand God of the ambulating comics. The UPA films were different.

Tissa and her friends were thrilled by Mr. Magoo, Gerald McBoing, Christopher Crumpet and Rooty Toot Toot. These were not master productions from Olympus. They were right down here among us. They were new, fresh, lively, lovable.

Tissa said to herself a hundred times, "When I reach America, I hope and hope and hope I may work at UPA". And her wish came true, even though she made the wish in Hungarian.

The year was 1955. Tissa had waited five years for her name to be cleared for entrance into the United States. UPA had opened a studio in New York City to be near the big agencies who gave out most of the commercial animation for television. A girl Tissa had known in Paris was working in the New York UPA studio. Tissa mastered two American words. She learned to say "Animation is animation". She applied for a job at UPA and was hired.

When Tissa David came to New York from Paris, she came with two objectives in mind. One was to learn the American way of animation; the other was to direct a personal attack against Spoken English that would have, had she succeeded, left the American people with no way of conversing one with another. The massacre at Little Big Horn was a friendly game of dominoes compared with Tissa's assault on Spoken English. When Tissa spoke, listeners stood aghast at the miracle of so much being said without the slightest chance of any discernible meaning.

She could obliterate in a single verbal utterance everything our linguists from Hawthorne to Hemingway had spent their lives trying to preserve. Tissa could take a single sentence like "The boy loved his dog"... By the time Tissa had finished that sentence you were never sure if a dog had bitten a boy's leg off or if maybe half of the dog population in the world had been pounded into a pulp by a boy suddenly gone mad from eating poisoned footballs.

Tissa never stopped trying. When she finally became aware that the American public was winning the verbal contest, she directed her attention to animating. It was a wise choice. She became a superb animator. She animates in American.

In the realm of figure animation, it would not be side-stepping the truth to say Tissa is the best lady animator in the world. That covers a lot of territory. There are lady animators in China, in Japan, in Russia, in all of the states of Western Europe. There are talented lady animators in New York, in Hollywood and in Canada. Tissa is the best of all of these.

For nearly a year and a half, she has been working on a feature length film that will be shown in New York City during Easter Week of this year. This is a Lester Osterman Production under the title of "Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy". Tissa has pencilled a doll-like wistfulness into the Raggedy Ann character that the male animators found it hard to imitate. Maybe she has captured a little of her early self, a little of the tot that tumbled into the Tissa and had to be dragged out like a little rag doll.

Maybe she put into Ann a little of the sadness she felt when she lost her studio in Budapest and a little of the happiness she felt when she found herself in America drawing as she chose to draw. Somebody said 'Happiness is a silver dollar in a pouch full of pennies".

It has often been hinted that animation is a man's oyster; Tissa has placed a bomb under the gilded penthouse where the male animator has for half a century felt uniquely secure. So ladies remember what they say in Hungary: MINDIG AKAD EGY HELY A MAGAS-SAGOKBAN.*

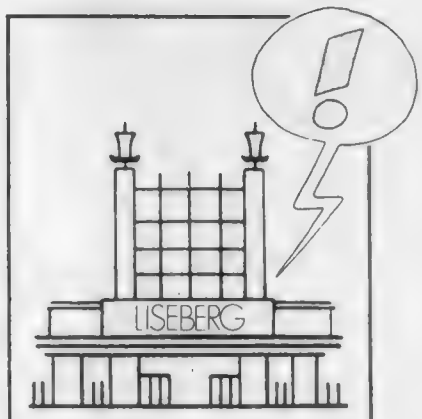
*There is always room at the top. ●

Photos by Gunnar Bunker

The founders of the "Seriemuseet": president of the Swedish Academy of Comic Art, Sture Hegerfors, and SACA member Bo Karlsson.

SWEDISH MUSEUM of COMIC ART

The unmistakable footsteps of Donald Duck lead. the way to the entrance of the museum.



Katalogkommitté:

Sture Hegerfors

Bo Karlsson

Ingela Lundberg

Teknisk produktion:

Gunnar Bunker

Hans Åsberg

Nils Hermanson

Several years ago, Sture Hegerfors, the President of the Swedish Academy of Comic Art, visited your editor here at the CARTOONIST PROfiles office, and told us about his cartooning activities in Sweden. It interested us particularly to hear that when Swedish editors are contemplating buying new cartoon features for their papers, they often call in Hegerfors, who is then able to give them competent professional advice as to the merits of various strips they may be considering.

So it was with special interest that we learned that Hegerfors and a colleague, Bo Karlsson had opened the Swedish Museum of Comic Art this past April in Goteborg, Sweden. Sture has been kind enough to send us a number of photos so that our readers can see what an ambitious undertaking this has been.

Following is a short piece which Stellan Nehlmark has written us about the museum and its purposes. This is another example of the worldwide trend toward preserving cartoon art for all time. We wish the Swedish Museum all the best!

By Stellan Nehlmark

In 1965 Sture Hegerfors opened a modest comic strip exhibition at Galleri Karlsson in Stockholm. At the same time the Swedish Academy of Comic Art was founded.

Ten years later Hegerfors — now author of several books on comics and president of the academy — and his friend, former gallery owner Bo Karlsson, started planning the first Scandinavian museum of comic art. Organizing the museum included year-long negotiations with different publishing-houses, cultural institutions, universities and, of course, Swedish and foreign comic strip artists.

On the 16th of April 1976 the Swedish Museum of Comic Art opened its doors for the public. The museum was housed in a special building on the premises of the world-famous amusement-park, Liseberg, in Goteborg. The success of the museum soon surpassed all expectations.

The museum is run by a foundation on a purely idealistic basis.

When the museum closed for the season in September 1976 it had had 35,000 visitors! One of the most pleasing facts about the museum was not only that there had been so many visitors but that the visitors, with very few exceptions, had been satisfied with it. People from all over Europe have found their way to the museum — it has been very well covered in all news media. Says Sture Hegerfors:

"The Swedish Museum of Comic Art is hopefully a beginning of a substantial institute of comics. Here will be assembled original strips, comic books, magazines and books about comics ... everything that has anything to do with comics."

The museum will be opened for a new season in summer 1977.

The entrance of the Comic Art Museum.

The mysterious light of the ticket office scares away few visitors.

On the walls the signatures of former winners of the Adamson Statuette, an award given yearly since 1965 by the Swedish Academy of Comic Art to an outstanding artist in the field of comics.

Specially written plays based on comic strip characters are performed at the museum. Here one with popular Swedish soldier 91:an.

Special discussions and festivals were regularly arranged at the museum during its first season.

The Phantom, a permanent and feared guardian of the museum, is here seen outside his Dead Skull Cave. ("The Phantom" is the most popular comic strip hero in Sweden.)

An American corner with original art by among others Hank Ketcham, Chic Young, Ernie Bushmiller, Fred Fredericks, Sy Barry, John Prentice, Alfred Andriola, Mort Walker, Bud Sagendorf, Charles M. Schulz and John Hart.

The skyline of Metropolis with the well-known Superman telephone booth...

...where the visitors could talk io the man from Krypton!

A Swedish stand.

New material arrives continuously at the museum. Sture Hegerfors shows the contents of a parcel from Mort Walker: originals of "Boner's Ark" and "Hi and Lois". (In the background Swedish underground strip "Bellman" by Jan Loof.)

A complete Superman adventure — original drawings by Curt Swan.

The living-room of the beloved Swedish comics character Kronblom — complete with his typical wooden sofa and old-fashioned radio and wallpaper. (Those recreations of comic strip settings were especially appreciated by the younger visitors.)

SAM & SILO

By

Jerry Dumas

and

Mort Walker

The creative team that writes and draws
BEETLE BAILEY
and writes
HI and LOIS

Sam
The sheriff of Upper Duckwater would take his duties seriously if he had any serious duties. He is caught between two extremes: an irascible, pint-sized boss, the mayor, and a happy, unhelpful, quart-sized assistant

Silo
Sam's deputy and life-long pal is like a barn silo—he is either empty or full of corn. Silo is earnest, dutiful, and never lonely. Just sitting down requires all of Deputy Silo's attention.

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On Monday, April 18th, King Features Syndicate will launch a new strip—'Sam and Silo' by Mort Walker and Jerry Dumas. News of this event occasioned a visit to Mort's studio several weeks ago when he told your editor about how the new strip evolved from 'Sam's Strip' which the Walker-Dumas team produced a few years ago, and which is fondly remembered by cartoonists. He tells here how the original approach has been changed, about his enthusiasm for the new feature, and how it has affected his work routine. A Sunday page will begin on April 24th.

Hurd: Since the new strip 'Sam & Silo' really evolved from the old 'Sam's Strip' which you and Jerry Dumas did several years ago, would you say something about 'Sam's Strip' for the benefit of our readers who weren't familiar with it?

Walker: Well, it was a satire on the comics and it included a lot of inside jokes. Sam owned the comic strip and he went out and hired down-and-out comic strip characters such as Happy Hooligan and Krazy Kat to come and work on his strip. I guess it ran in about 40 or 50 papers at the time we quit—we could see it wasn't going to go anywhere so we decided to get out of it and do other things. Maybe it made the average member of the public reach a little too far to understand what was going on. I remember once that an insurance agent I knew happened to look at 'Sam's Strip' on a day when Blondie was shown walking through the strip in her fur coat. Sam yelled, "Hi, Blondie" a couple of times but she just snubbed him, which caused Sam to say, "Oh, they're so different in real life!" The agent said, "What's Blondie doing in your strip—she ought to be up at the top of the comic page in

SAM AND SILO

Photo by ING-JOHN Stamford, Ct.

Jerry Dumas

Mort Walker

her own strip." We couldn't get through to him.

Hurd: The two characters, Sam and his sidekick, from Sam's Strip, are now Sam and Silo in the new strip—with one or two minor alterations. Tell us how the change took place, will you?

Walker: Soon after Flash Fairfield, my old friend from the University of Missouri, took over as Comics Editor of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, he happened to be looking over a book of 'Sam's Strip' one day. Flash then told me, "I think the strip would go nowadays. Maybe the time is right for it—people are more aware of old comics—I'd like to have NEA revive it if King Features doesn't want to."

Although my contract forbids me to work for any syndicate other than King, this doesn't apply to Jerry Dumas, so I took the matter up with Sylvan Byck. A couple of weeks passed and then I heard from Benson Srere, the new General Manager of King Features, who said to me, "King would like to revive 'Sam's Strip', but not as a satire. We like the characters but not the idea of satirizing comics." I came back with, "But that's what it's all about." He continued, "Just take the characters and put them in another setting."

When I got back to Sylvan, he suggested that I think about what kind of characters the two were, and where they'd fit in. He said maybe I'd *find* a setting. I said, "Well, they kind of remind me a little of Andy Griffith and Don Knotts when they had that TV series. How about making Sam and his sidekick a couple of small town cops?" Although this was the first idea that had come to my mind, Sylvan said, "Terrific! I think you've got it!" King got all the sales figures on 'Sam's Strip' and they said, "It didn't sell that way—so let's try it another way."

On the train going home that day, I got out my pad and pencil that I always carry with me and began making notes on characters, names, etc. First I thought we'd call it 'Sam and Sidekick'. Well, I called Jerry and we went through about 100 names before we came up with 'Sam and Silo'. Our first impulse was to make a pun out of the name—'Sam n'Ella', 'Sam and Eggs', and Jerry came up with, "How about calling the sidekick 'Frisco' so we can call the strip, 'The Streets of Sam and Frisco'?" It got pretty awful, in this vein, for a while. Finally we got almost desperate, but the name 'Silo' kept coming up again and again—nobody said that it was a great name, but it was the one name nobody rejected. We finally decided that 'Silo' would give readers the idea that the strip is about a small town, and we figured that it's easy to remember, that the characters' names go together, and the title is short. So we ended up with 'Sam and Silo', put them in a small town, and created some characters around them.

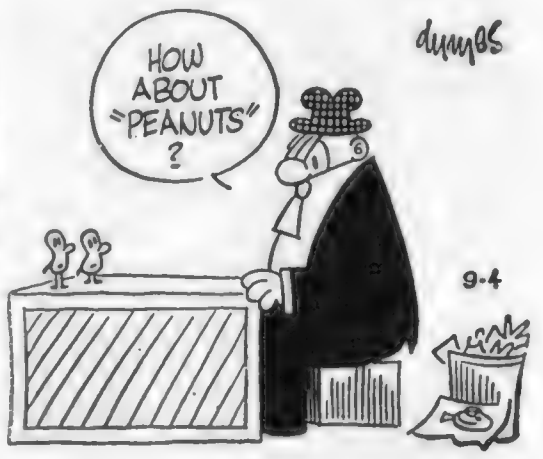
Jerry loves small towns himself, his favorite spot when he was growing up was a little town in Canada, and he loves to go around and visit these small places and make sketches of them. Incidentally, just this week The New Yorker published a sketch of an old farmhouse which Jerry drew up as a spot. The strip is a little bit

SAM AND SILO

HAVE YOU GUYS QUALIFIED AT THE RANGE, RECENTLY?
WE DIDN'T KNOW WE HAD TO
MAYOR
IT'S THE LAW! EVERY OFFICER MUST SHOW HIS PROFICIENCY ON THE RANGE EVERY YEAR!
DON'T YOU GUYS KNOW ANYTHING ?
HOPE HE LIKES FUDGE
HURRY UP. I GOTTA QUALIFY NEXT

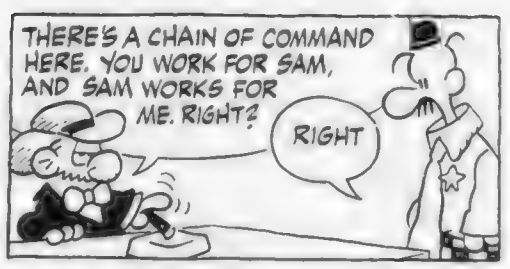
SAM'S STRIP

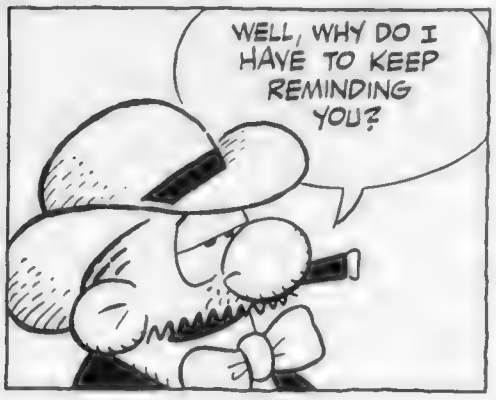
Some examples of the fondly remembered 'Sam's Strip'.



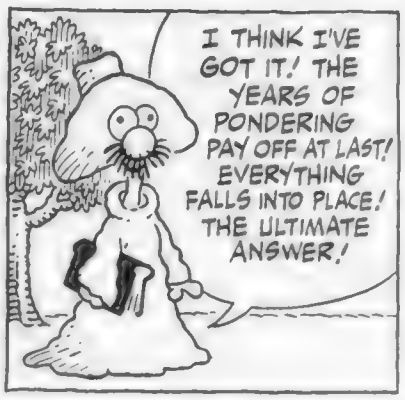
SAM & SILO

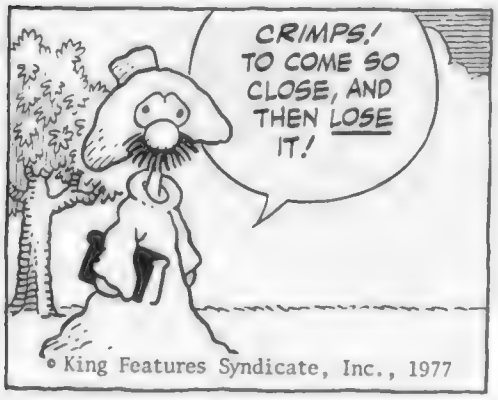
King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1977





SAM & SILO





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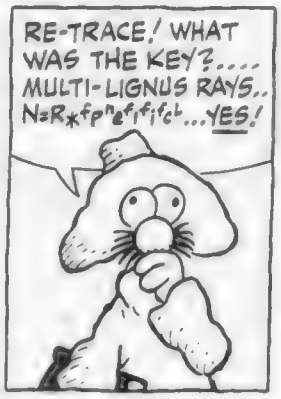
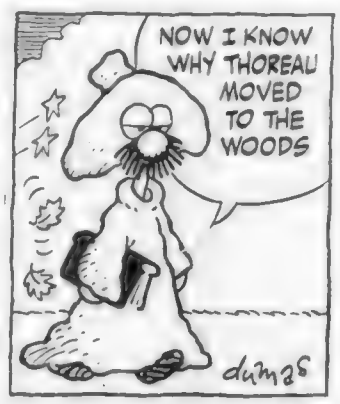
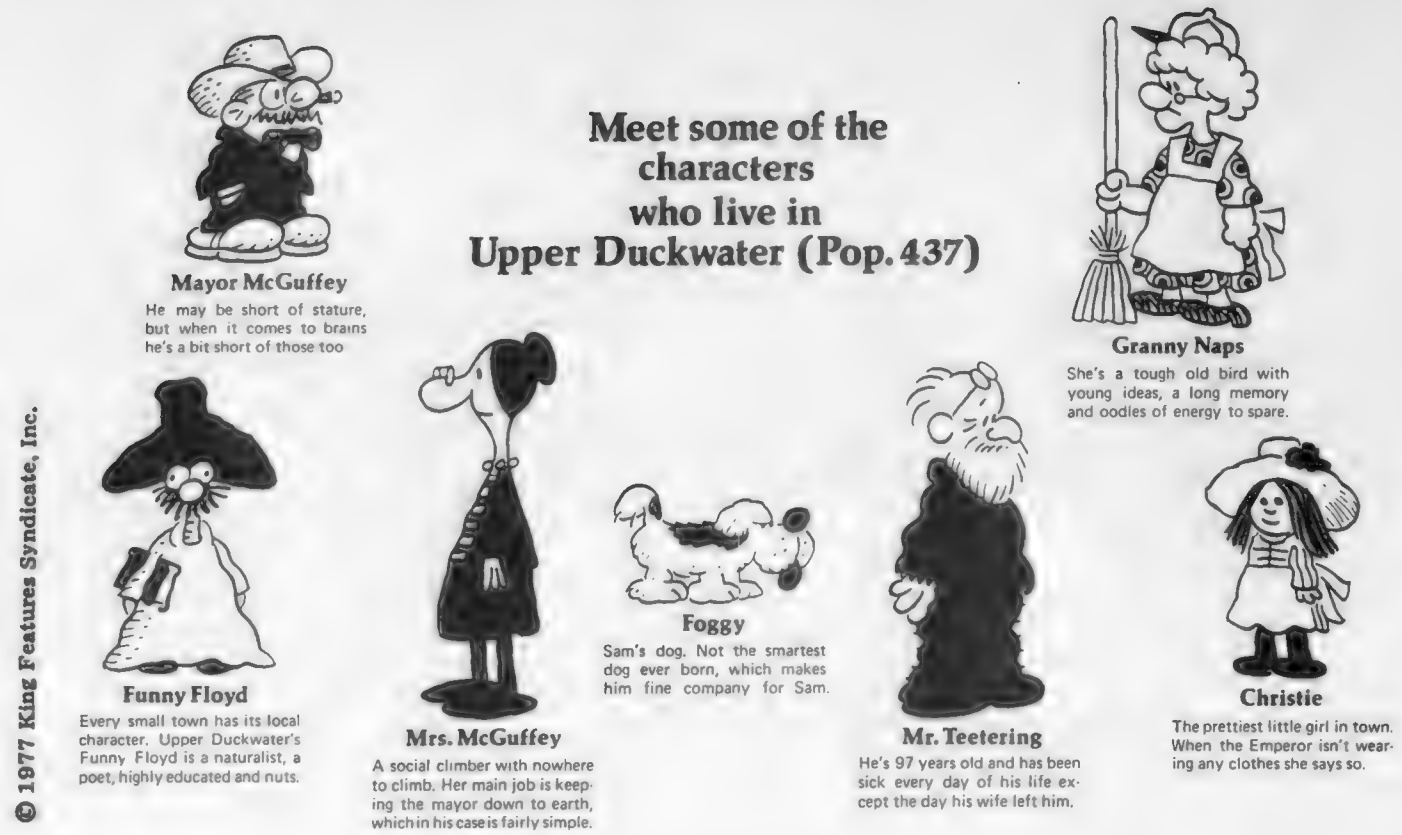


CRASH!




Meet some of the characters who live in Upper Duckwater (Pop. 437)
Mayor McGuffey
He may be short of stature, but when it comes to brains he's a bit short of those too
Granny Naps
She's a tough old bird with young ideas, a long memory and oodles of energy to spare.
Funny Floyd
Every small town has its local character. Upper Duckwater's Funny Floyd is a naturalist, a poet, highly educated and nuts.
Mrs. McGuffey
A social climber with nowhere to climb. Her main job is keeping the mayor down to earth, which in his case is fairly simple.
Foggy
Sam's dog. Not the smartest dog ever born, which makes him fine company for Sam.
Mr. Teetering
He's 97 years old and has been sick every day of his life except the day his wife left him.
Christie
The prettiest little girl in town. When the Emperor isn't wearing any clothes she says so.
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on the nostalgia side—it takes you back from the big city bustle and complicated life to the nice lifestyle of a small town. You know a lot of young people are thinking that way these days and, in fact, all of us figure we'd like to get away from big-city problems.

Hurd: If you look back at the history of humor, these two are really a couple of classic characters, aren't they? Like Laurel and Hardy or Abbott and Costello, etc.

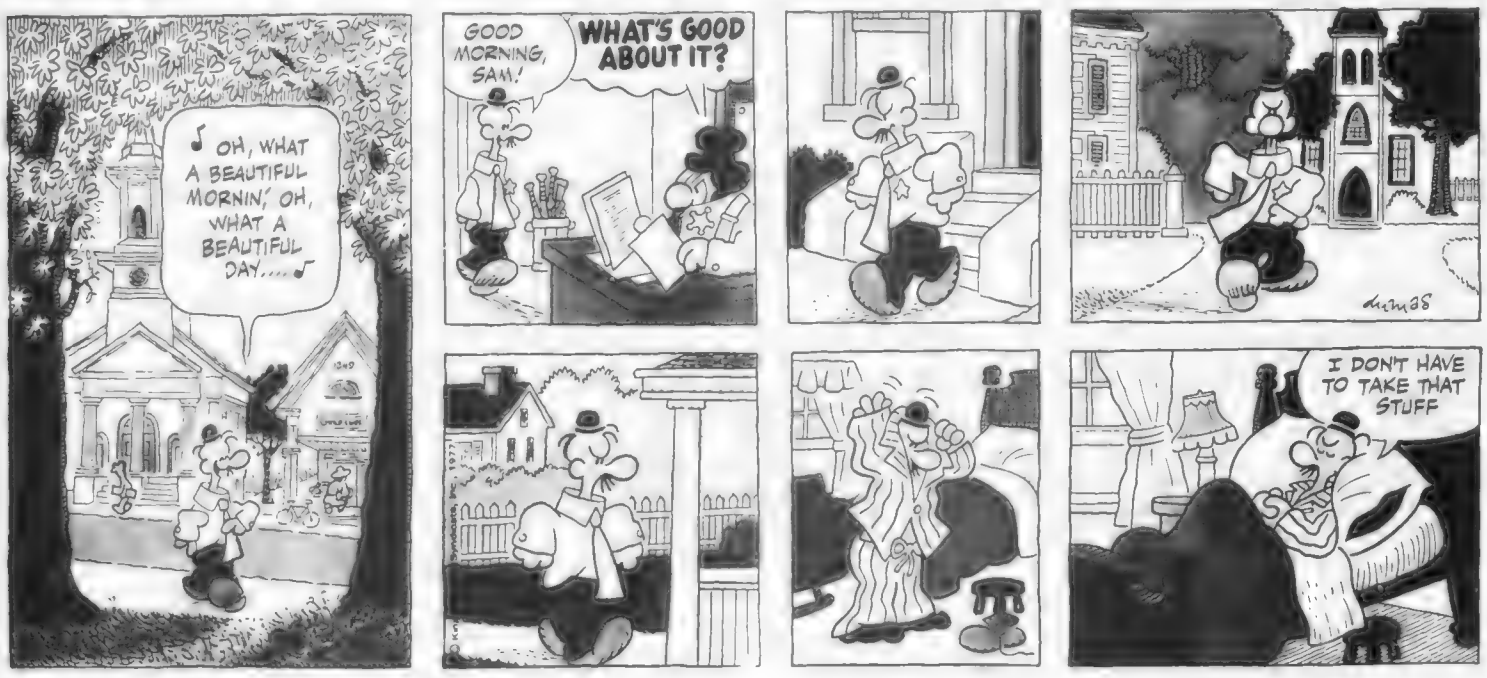
Walker: Yes, if you research this subject, it seems that there have always been these two characters—one of whom seems to be in the place of authority, and the other one who has to do everything the first one decrees. The guy in authority is just as stupid as the other one, so together it's a case of double stupidity and they can really foul things up. As a matter of fact, probably there's a lot of humor we can get out of just researching what's already been done with characters like these. So we're kind of excited about 'Sam and Silo'—it has a nice feeling to it and Jerry's done some nice backgrounds of small towns.

We're trying to do the basic type of humor gags, instead of sophisticated stuff. Maybe it's time for readers to get a little relief from super-sophisticated strips that are commenting on politics and society, and from strips that have no backgrounds, and that are just kind of bare, empty and sterile. As a little bit of contrast we thought, "Let's put some trees and some background in there." In many cases in recent years cartoonists have felt they can get away without doing any work at all—they think they can just draw a figure walking along in thin air—without even drawing a floor line, and then give him something clever to say. We see a lot of kids coming in with new strips, using worms and clams and flowers as the characters saying things which probably are profound to their creators but a little dull for the reader.

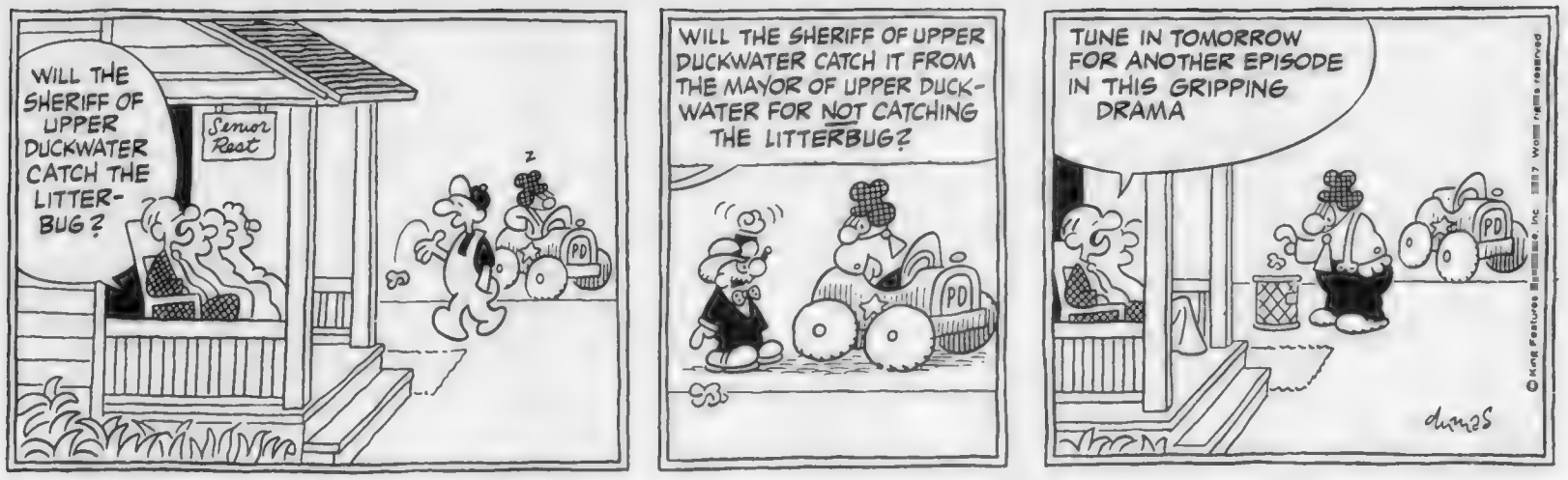
Hurd: What's the biggest problem when starting a new strip?

Walker: To find your niche—the type of humor you're going to use. Since Sam was so highly involved in fantasy in the old 'Sam's Strip', it was very difficult for us to settle down in this new venture and not use fantasy. We kept the old comic strip auto with the big balloon tires that the characters originally used but we did a lot of soul-searching about it. Using it almost took things out of the realm of reality and back to fantasy. We asked ourselves if it was incongruous and whether it would fit. We finally decided it was a funny car—it was distinctive and people would remember it. We liked it but we're still not putting things in the strip that are too far

SAM AND SILO



SAM AND SILO


WILL THE SHERIFF OF UPPER DUCKWATER CATCH THE LITTER-BUG?
Senior Rest
PD
WILL THE SHERIFF OF UPPER DUCKWATER CATCH IT FROM THE MAYOR OF UPPER DUCK-WATER FOR NOT CATCHING THE LITTERBUG?
PD
TUNE IN TOMORROW FOR ANOTHER EPISODE IN THIS GRIPPING DRAMA
PD
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dumas

out—that would destroy some believability. Incidentally Jerry and I have been wondering if this is the first case of a revival of an old comic strip character who's brought into another and newer setting.

Hurd: Did you change the appearance of the characters at all?

Walker: We took Sam's jacket off because we thought he looked too businesslike the old way, and we added suspenders and a star of course. The sidekick is pretty much the same although we took his glasses off.

Hurd: How is the work on the new strip going to be divided?

Walker: Jerry and I will be writing it and he will be doing the drawing.

Hurd: With still another strip carrying your byline, would you tell our readers what you do on each of the strips with which you're involved?

Walker: I'm still drawing 'Beetle Bailey'—the penciling—and Frank Johnson inks the dailies while Jerry Dumas inks the Sundays. As for 'Hi and Lois', we write that while it's drawn by Dik Browne. Frank Johnson is inking these days. In the case of 'Boner's Ark', I'm doing some of the writing and am working on the penciling, while Frank inks the daily and Sunday. As you can see, that gives him a pretty full program.

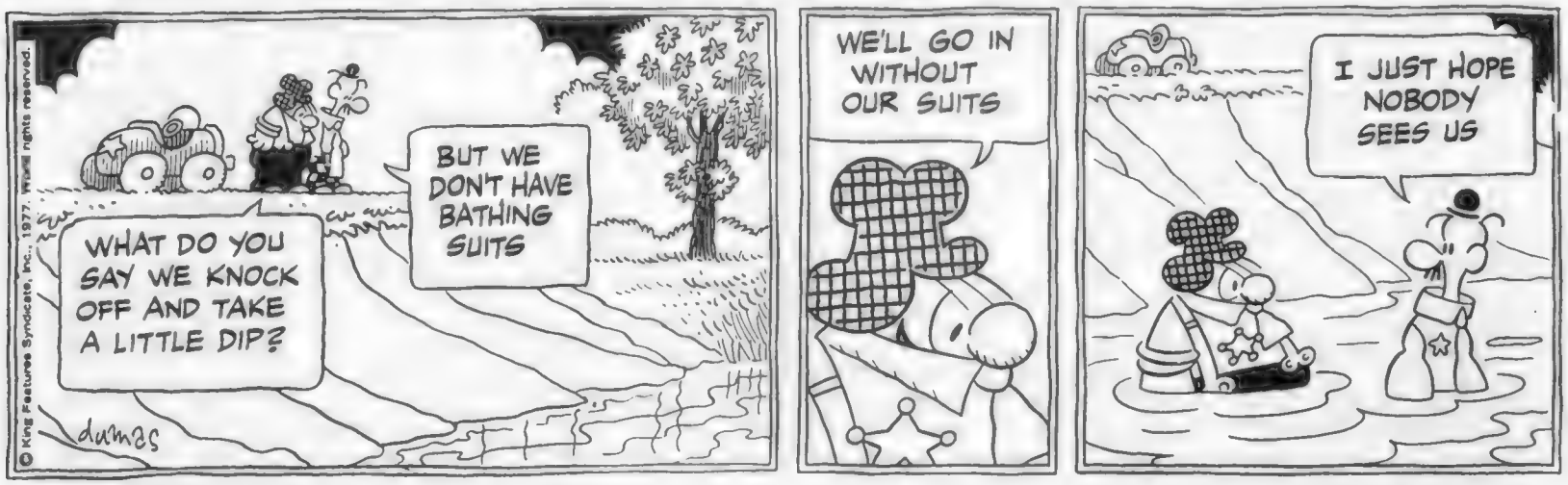
Funny thing—as you get older, you probably should be taking it easier but it seems like you work harder and harder as time goes on. I work seven days a week now and I used to work about four. I work all Sunday morning doing the penciling on the daily Beetles. I do that at the kitchen table, while the kids are all around and while my wife, Jean, reads me the N.Y. Times so I can keep up with the news while I'm working. Sunday afternoons I spend at the Museum of Cartoon Art, making change, selling stuff, greeting people and signing autographs—it's a full day and I come home exhausted on Sunday nights.

Hurd: I know some people wonder why you're involved with so many strips. Do you want to say something about this?

Walker: I used to think it was a blessing to have a creative mind and to get excited about all kinds of projects. Nowadays I think it's almost a hazard because I keep getting ideas—I sit here, glance out the window and I get an idea for a book, or a project or a TV show, or another strip. The first thing I know I'm involved in it and I think, "What am I doing this for—am I digging my own grave?" In the case of 'Sam and Silo', as I mentioned earlier, it was Flash Fairfield who first brought up the subject of reviving 'Sam's Strip'—so you've just heard how I got involved in *that* one! Ten years ago if someone had told me I'd take on two other strips, I would have said, "You're crazy!" What's that old law—(Parkinson's?) to the effect that the work expands to fit the time allotted, or something like that? Well, it works in the reverse too—when you have more work to do, you find time to do it. I find that I just have to work a lot more efficiently these days. I don't wait for an idea—I just sit down and start writing—I write myself right into a corner. Sam's walking down the street and he runs into this and that, I get myself down to the punchline and then I have to *think up* that punchline. In the old days I'd wait for an idea to perfect itself in my mind before I'd start writing. Often I'd sit there for hours without writing anything. I don't have the luxury any more of picking up a magazine, thumbing through it, and then an hour later saying, "Golly, I've got to get back to work." I don't have the luxury of doing a lot of erasing or holding things up to a mirror—I just sit down and draw and get it over with. I do think people waste a lot of time—most people could do a lot more than they're doing if they learned how to work more efficiently.

Hurd: Thanks, Mort. ●

SAM AND SILO


WHAT DO YOU SAY WE KNOCK OFF AND TAKE A LITTLE DIP?
BUT WE DON'T HAVE BATHING SUITS
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dumas
WE'LL GO IN WITHOUT OUR SUITS
I JUST HOPE NOBODY SEES US

At the May 1976 annual convention of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists in Washington, D.C., we reminded Charles Werner, the editorial cartoonist of the Indianapolis Star, that we had asked him to talk about his work on several occasions. Normally we don't reprint articles which have appeared elsewhere (preferring to present entirely original material), but we're making an exception in the following case. Chuck Werner felt that a story which appeared in 'Indianapolis' magazine for February 1976, and written by Craig J. Beardsley, the Editor of that publication, covered himself, and his thoughts about the editorial cartoon field, pretty thoroughly. Accordingly, we asked Mr. Beardsley if we could share the story with our readers and he has graciously given permission. First — a biographical sketch of Chuck Werner.

Charles G. "Chuck" Werner, Indianapolis Star editorial cartoonist, has won a large and faithful following and every national award given. He joined The Star in 1946.

Mr. Werner was born in Marshfield, Wisconsin. He started his career in the art department of the Springfield (Mo.) News-Leader as artist, photographer and reporter. Although he had no formal art school training, he did attend the Chicago Art Institute to see what went on in an art school — and became an instructor.

In 1938, during his first year as cartoonist for the Oklahoma City (Okla.) Oklahoman, at age 29 he won journalism's signal honor — the Pulitzer Prize — the youngest cartoonist ever to win this award at that time.

His Pulitzer Prize winning cartoon forecast the fate of Czechoslovakia as a result of British appeasement of Hitler at Munich.

In 1940, he won the National Safety Coun-

'T' Heck With Your Diplomatic Immunity, Watcha Got In Your Satchel?'

Victory With Teeth In It!

cil Award and in 1942, the Sigma Delta Chi Award (professional journalism award).

In 1951, the National Headliners Club recognized Werner for "consistently outstanding editorial cartoons."

Mr. Werner has won eight Freedoms Foundation Awards.

In 1955, he won a National Service Clubs award.

In 1964, the National Foundation for Highway Safety awarded Mr. Werner top honor in their nation-wide contest.

When Marshall Field started the new Chicago Sun, the editors selected Werner to do the job of chief editorial cartoonist. Two years later, he won the National Safety Council Award and two years after that, while on the Chicago Sun, where he was chief political cartoonist, he won the Sigma Delta Chi Award — highest honor given by this journalism fraternity.

Werner's cartoons have been displayed in shows around the country, and his Indianapolis Star cartoons have been reproduced in newspapers coast to coast.

Numerous editions of Encyclopedia Britannica show Werner's cartoons as illustrations of their political articles.

The National Headliners Club recognized Werner in 1951 for "consistently outstanding editorial cartoons." Werner considers this his most valued award, based as it is on consistent performance rather than on an individual piece of work.

Werner went on a USO tour of France for the United States government in 1958, with the Natl. Cartoonists Society group — — entertaining soldiers in the various camps throughout France.

He has studied extensively in economics and political science at Oklahoma City University and Northwestern University.

He is a student of The Bible, mythology and Shakespeare. He says knowledge of these three is essential for framing ideas for analogies to current situations which may be portrayed in cartoons.

Werner's philosophy on cartooning is poignant and simple, as he thinks all good cartoons should be to be effective.

"A cartoon must be based on fact. It must be direct and critical, using satire and ridicule as a base. Cartoons of approbation are rarely, if ever, successful."

"A tract upon truth is no inept ameliorative, however, since cartoonists blend fantasy with fact. Their technical deviations but serve to give to their expression an elasticity eminently suited to the chronicling of present day life in a boobyhatch."

Werner is most proud of the title bestowed upon him by the late Bruce Russell of the Los Angeles Times, and many of his contemporaries call him a "cartoonist's cartoonist." He is a meticulous craftsman, who plans his cartoons carefully and then proceeds to work them up with dash and freshness.

Of more interest to editors, Werner's cartoons are hard-hitting. He never pulls punches, even to the extent of bringing down the publisher's wrath upon him on occasions. The foreign press criticizes the American cartoonists for pulling punches. He definitely is not one of these.

He is past president of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists, was president of the Headliners Club of Chicago while with the Chicago Sun. He is a member of the National Cartoonists Society of New York. He is a member of Sigma Delta Chi, the Indianapolis Athletic Club, Columbia Club and Hillcrest Golf and Country Club. He is a member of the Episcopalian Church.

An avid sportsman, Werner is vitally interested in conservation work. In 1956, he won the "Dave Roberts Award" — given each year to the outstanding conservationists in Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana — for outstanding contribution to wildlife conservation in Indiana during 1955. He is a commissioner on the Indiana State Natural Resources Committee and president of two marinas.

Werner is married and the father of three children — David, Jean Louise and Stephen.

"A political cartoon should never applaud; it should scorn . . . should ridicule . . . should put the subject in an awkward position. And, if I can make a reader smile while attempting to get my message across, so much the better."

By Craig Beardsley

"The pen is mightier than the politician," quipped President Ford after viewing a special exhibition of U.S. political cartoons at an art gallery in Washington, D.C. last year.

Nixon told a member of the White House Staff in 1971 that he didn't like to start the day off by looking at Herblock, political cartoonist for the *Washington Post*.

While still in the hospital recovering from his gall bladder operation during the mid-'60s, LBJ had several harsh, unpublishable words for the cartoon that showed the President lifting his shirt that revealed a gall bladder scar in the shape of Vietnam with the caption, "This scar'll be with me for the rest of mah days."

Locally, a veteran newsman, Herb Hill, tells the story of a former Indianapolis mayor (now deceased) who once told him in private that "most reporters are a dime-a-dozen. It's those damned cartoons that *really* do the damage to my administration."

Although elected officials keep changing through the decades, the amount of "damage" a cartoonist manages to do remains the same.

According to a recent survey conducted by an Eastern university, the average American in today's society receives more than 5,000 "messages" every 24 hours in the form of newspapers, radio, television, magazines, books, pamphlets, and advertisements. Despite the communications explosion of the past three decades (No, the world isn't worse—news coverage is just better) it is the "message" of a political cartoon that is often retained longer than any other form of daily media communication.

The two people, then, who get their "message" across better than any other of the hundreds of journalists within the Indianapolis area are political cartoonists Charles G. Werner of the *Star*, and Jerry Barnett of the *News* (Although the article is about Chuck, a brief mention of Jerry might be appropriate: Barnett, 38, has been cartoonist of the *News* for the past seven years. Many of his works have appeared in other newspapers as well as several magazines throughout the country.)

Daily Oklahoman, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma — Thursday, October 6, 1938

Chuck Werner, by way of pencil and ink pen, has taken a political jab at nearly every politician and major issue imaginable during his 39 years as a cartoonist. His office at the *Star* contains a long wooden shelf that stretches the length of an entire wall that holds more than 9,500 cartoons in bound volumes he has drawn since starting as a staff artist at the *Daily Oklahoman* at Oklahoma City in 1937.

Although a staff artist, Chuck's eventual goal was to be a political cartoonist when he first joined the *Oklahoman* two years earlier in 1935. Finally, after submitting several cartoons on a daily basis, the publisher decided to give young Chuck a try.

The publisher made a wise decision, for less than a year later, in 1938, Chuck earned the highest honor obtainable to a journalist—a Pulitzer Prize. (Sensing that Czechoslovakia would not be the final conquest of Hitler's armies, he drew a cartoon showing that the price of world peace in 1938 meant the downfall of that country and that other military conquests would surely follow. Although Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain assured the world that there would be "peace in our time," others thought otherwise —including a 28-year-old staff artist at the *Oklahoman*. Hitler's march into Poland in 1939, triggering World War II, proved Chuck correct. The Pulitzer Committee at Columbia University, realizing that Chuck's warning came several months before most other newspapers began denouncing Hitler, awarded the top prize to Chuck due to this foresight.)

Continuing with the paper until 1941, Publisher Marshall Field sent a telegram to Chuck at the *Oklahoman* asking him if he wanted to join the staff of a new paper called the *Chicago Sun*. He remained at the *Sun* until it folded in 1947. (Chuck adds that Publisher Field once boasted shortly after the first edition ran off the presses that "from here on out, there will always be a *Sun* in Chicago." When the *Sun*

Apparently not all of Chuck's cartoons end up in print. The above rough sketch, complete with comments from publisher Gene Pulliam, was found at the very top of Werner's trash can at day's end.

was forced into bankruptcy in 1947, Field pleaded with owners of the *Times* that he make good his boast. This is the reason it is still called the *Chicago Sun-Times* to this day.)

Joining the *Star* in 1947, he has been the paper's cartoonist ever since.

Despite the fact that he has won several national awards, the slightly overweight 67-year-old looks ahead rather than backwards—he has to in order to produce six cartoons every week.

He has all the reliable reference books every good journalist should have (although many don't), such as John Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations,* a thesaurus, Guiness' *Book of World Records,* an unabridged dictionary, a Bible, *The Complete Works of Shakespeare,* a yearbook, and many others—including a complete edition of *Mother Goose.* ("All these reference materials are available down the hall in the library, but it's nice to have them right here at your fingertips," he adds.)

Chuck seldom arrives at the office before 9 a.m., but his working day begins at 7 every morning where he starts jotting down ideas while watching the morning news on television during breakfast. Additional notes are written down while listening to newscasts over the radio on his way to work. Once at the office, he skims several newspapers, clipping out news stories as he reads. His copies of the *Star* and *News* are worthless for any other reader after he's finished with them, for his 14-inch scissors perform rather severe autopsies at times. The same fate awaits nearly every weekly and monthly publication that crosses his desk. (This is also the reason he is the last on the inner-office "route" list to receive morning editions of the *Washington Post, New York Times, San Francisco Examiner,* and many others. *Star* staffers learned long ago that anyone receiving a morning paper after Chuck got through with it would receive only half it's original contents—if *that.*)

He probably reads more editorials than any three other newsmen combined. "A cartoonist can get more ideas from an editorial than any other source."

Chuck pays special attention to the editorial pages in the *Washington Post* and *New York Times.* "You have to keep up with what the liberals are thinking and writing about," he explains.

Once his ideas have been narrowed down to one, he draws a rough sketch and then borrows several photographs of the person (or persons) about to be drawn, from the paper's library. The final product is roughly twice the size of the cartoon which appears in the paper. ("This produces a sharper, clearer cartoon when it's reduced to half its original size," he explains.)

Some cartoons can be drawn in less than an hour. "But others," laments Chuck, "take up the entire day. This can get maddening around two or three in the afternoon when you know you have to turn in the final inked drawing by 4 p.m."

Unlike the rest of his fellow journalists who must turn in their stories to an editor for final approval, his cartoons go directly to the engraving department.

Basically, what is a political cartoon?

"It's a ridicule, a jab, a kick in the pants at a person, place, or thing. You have to go after the negative, the controversial, the dark side of life, yet still

try to make a reader smile in the process.

"I'd say every person who works in the news business has to be somewhat of a skeptic, but this is especially true of a cartoonist. A political cartoon should never applaud; it should scorn . . . should ridicule . . . should put the subject in an awkward position."

His daily goal?

"To bring the attention to readers a specific current event they may have missed had the cartoon not been printed. And, if I can make a reader smile while attempting to get my message across, so much the better."

He feels that there aren't enough humorous writers in the news field today. "A reader will remember a story longer if it's presented in a humorous manner. A tongue-in-cheek editorial is always more effective than one filled with dry facts and figures."

Everyone in the public limelight, according to Chuck, is "open and fair game" for a political cartoonist. This includes religious leaders. "I had a lot of fun with Paul VI during the Pope-vs-the-Pill controversy a few years ago. I wasn't picking on the pontiff directly, but rather on the issue he created. But, if I thought I could produce a laugh from readers by picking on Pope Paul directly due to something he said or did, I wouldn't hesitate. I've also taken a poke or two at Billy Graham more than once in years past. Nobody's immune from a cartoonist."

On other religious matters, he always receives an irate call or two (as does Barnett at the *News*) whenever he associates the president of the Indianapolis Water Company—Thomas W. Moses—with the Jewish leader who gave the world the 10 Commandments. "I'm not picking on Moses the prophet but rather Moses the water man, yet some people don't get the association."

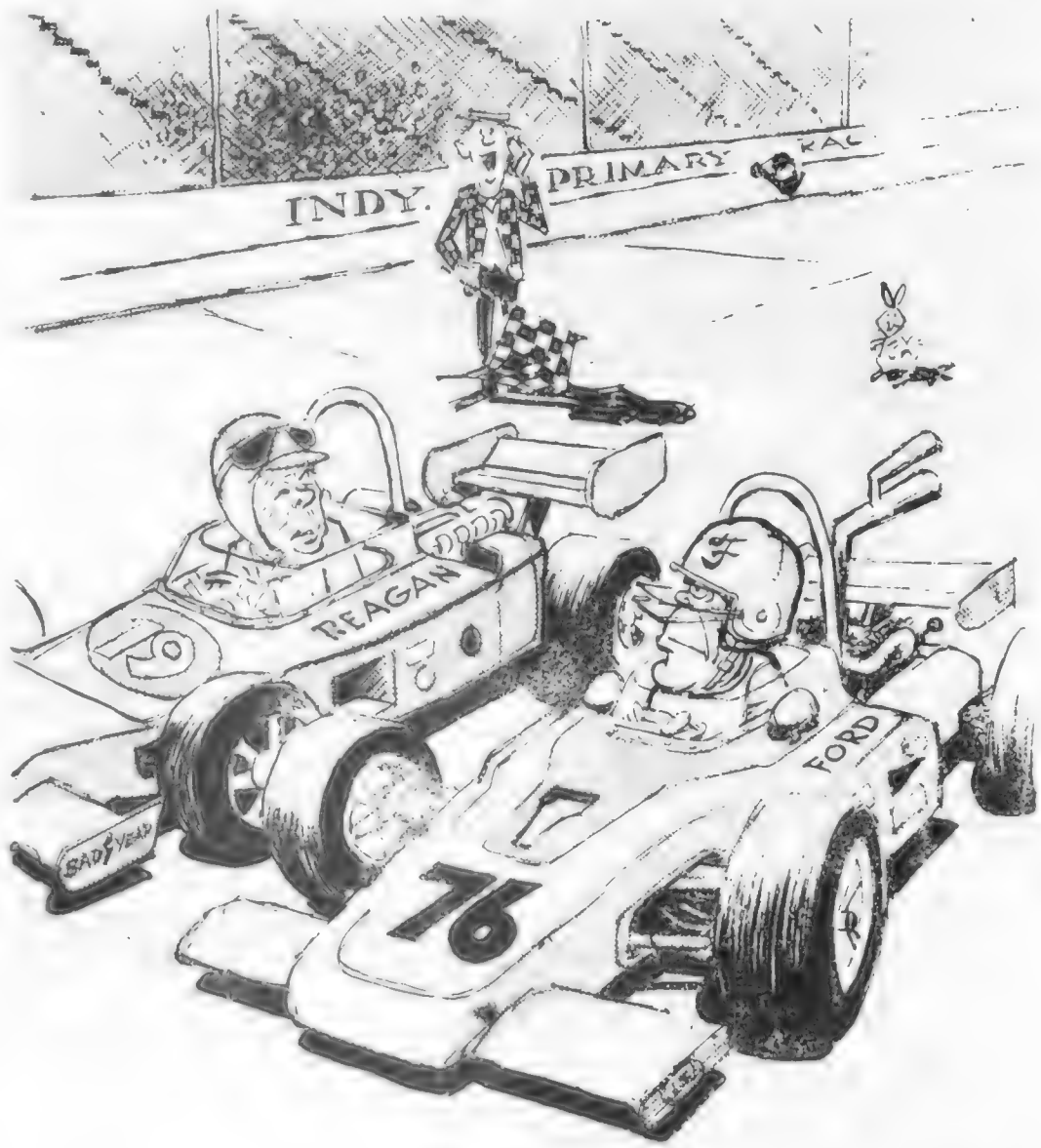
He also enjoys poking fun at women. "The surest way to recognize the fact that women are taking their proper place in political society is to watch the daily cartoons. With more and more women such as Indira Gandhi, Golda Meir, Margaret Chase Smith, Shirley Chisholm, Bella Abzug, Phyllis Schlafly, Jane Fonda, Martha Mitchell, Patty Hearst, the Fromme girl, along with many others, they're proving that women can be just as stupid, just as corruptible, just as controversial as their male counterparts."

There are a few "taboos" in the business—some subjects cartoonists avoid completely. He used the recent case of Karen Ann Quinlan as an example. "There she was, being kept alive on a machine. She was a living, breathing vegetable and her poor parents went through pure hell and agony for months. It was a hot story and certainly a controversial one, but nothing for a cartoonist to get involved in. What could you possibly do to create a humorous situation? Nothing."

Homosexuality is another self-censored subject. "I took a mild jab at the situation during the Walter Jenkins scandal in 1964, but I picked on LBJ more than anything else."

Physical deformity is still another avoided subject. "I don't remember any cartoonist who ever attacked Roosevelt the cripple—Roosevelt the President, and Roosevelt the deficit-spending New Dealer, yes, but never Roosevelt the paraplegic. FDR received more jabs from cartoonists than any other political leader in history, yet it would have been in very poor taste to attack or emphasize his physical handicap. I even remember seeing Japanese cartoons during the War that showed Roosevelt as a tyrant and war monger, yet he was depicted as a tyrant who stood tall and straight. The same is true of the

'Gentlemen, Start Your Machinations!'



few Nazi cartoons I was able to see during those years.

"No, physical deformities do not belong in a cartoon. I would have treated the likes of Hitler or Stalin with the same respect had they been confined to a wheelchair."

Since Chuck is a conservative, he explains how it has been the liberals who have produced the best cartoons during the past few years. "It stands to reason that when your man doesn't make it to the White House, you're in a much better position to pick on the President and his administration. Naturally, I've picked on Nixon and Ford, but my heart wasn't really in it 100 percent."

Election day is always an event filled with mixed emotions for a cartoonist. While people such as Bill Mauldin, Conrad, Herblock, or Oliphant were voting for Humphrey in 1968, they knew it would be a more productive future as a liberal cartoonist if Nixon won (They were right!). "I'd vote for the devil himself before I'd ever vote for Birch Bayh," he says, "but as a cartoonist, I'm behind Birch a thousand percent, hoping he'll make it all the way to the White House.

"What a fruitful four or eight years *that* would be for me," he adds, rubbing his hands together with glee.

Chuck freely admits that there are more good liberal cartoonists in the country. "This stands to reason since we conservative cartoonists are outnumbered by better than 20 to one."

He has been approached by several representatives of syndicated features, asking him to publish his cartoons on a national scale. Yet he has refused. "This is the trouble with most cartoonists today. They concentrate on national issues and ignore local events. This is unfortunate. Every major daily paper should have its own cartoonist, yet many don't.

He trys to keep his cartoons on a local or state slant at least 40 percent of the time. "Our readers are concerned with international and national happenings, yet they're interested in local events as well. I try to fill that need whenever possible."

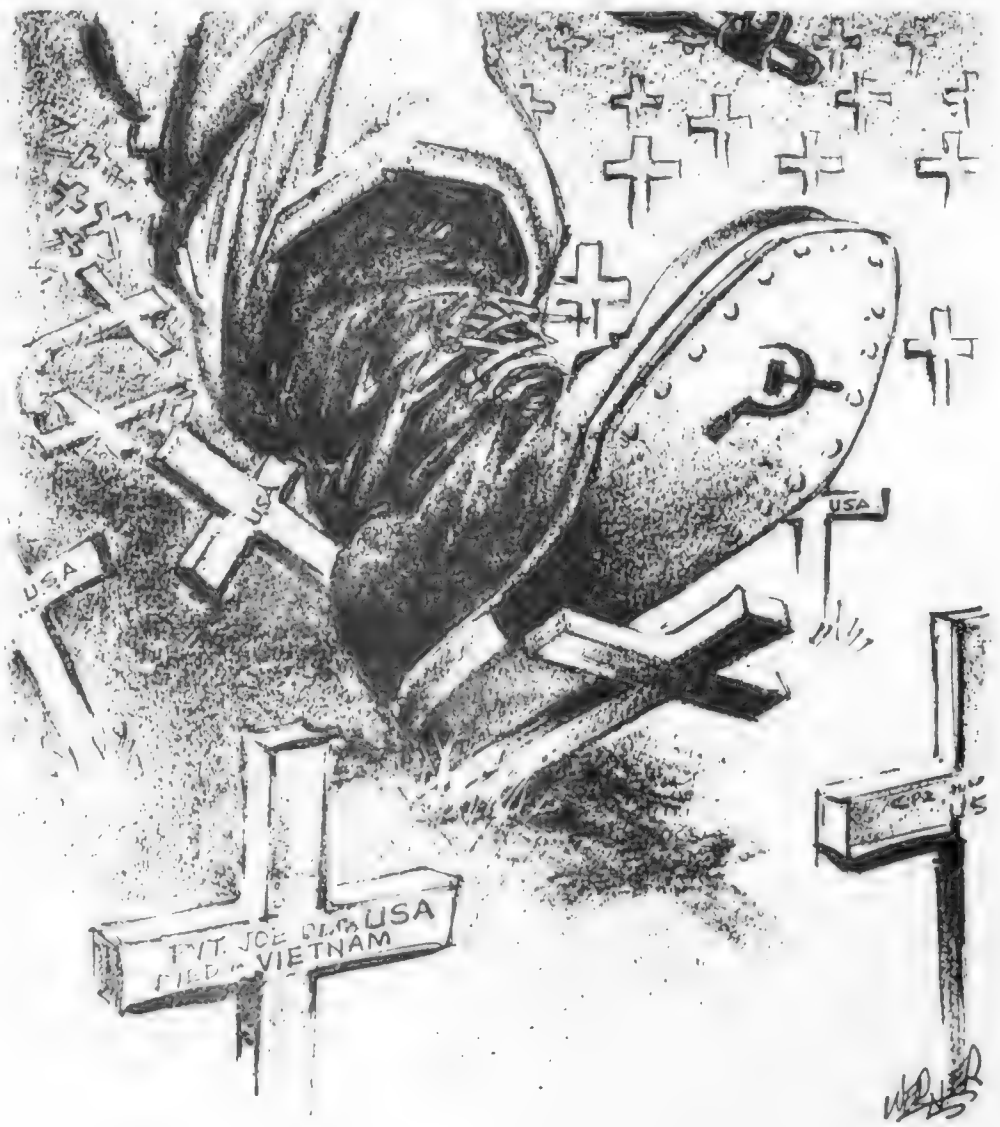
Cartoonists have dwindled during the past 20 years, he sadly explains. "There used to be close to 900. But, with newspapers either folding or merging by the scores, we cartoonists now number around 300—if that. This number includes Canada and Mexico. (He adds that some of today's best cartoons come from Mexico. "I don't understand the language or local issues, yet I can quickly comprehend the cartoon. This is the true test of a political cartoon when it is able to cross international boundaries and still produce a smile on a reader's face thousands of miles away.")

Being able to bridge the generation gap—to reach readers at both ends of the age scale—is always hard. "I have to throw out a lot of good ideas because it would be understood by only those in my generation. For instance, I couldn't ever draw a cartoon of Cordell Hull talking to Henry Kissinger because a lot of people under 40 have no idea who Hull was. But on the other hand, I couldn't get away with using a Jefferson Airplane or Bachman-Turner-Overdrive in one of my cartoons. Anyone over 40 would think I'm referring to aviation rather than two musical groups."

Chuck is well versed in Shakespeare, mythology, nursery rhymes, and many portions of the Bible. As a result, many quotes from the classics are used as a background theme for many of his cartoons. "Whenever I use a quote or theme from the Bible, there's at least a half-dozen folks who write or call to tell me that I'm anti-God or anti-Bible. Baloney! From a cartoonist's point of view, the Bible is as fresh and up-to-date as the 1976 World Almanac—and you can't beat the Bible for theme or story plot. Its stories are universally known."

Political theme tie-ins, he continues, can come from every subject imaginable. "Weather: The hot sun of inflation could be beating down on governmental sun worshippers as it's slowly burning them. Movies: The shark of bureauracy about to kill the unsuspecting taxpayer who is trying to keep her naked body above water. The New Testament: A politician thinking he's walking on water, when, in reality, he's about to drown during an upcoming election. The Old Testament: A politician dressed as Samson striking out at his constituents with the jawbone of an ass. Sports: Coach Ford giving one of his star centers holy hell for missing a basket. Mother Goose: The President who lived in a shoe who had so many Cabinet members he didn't know what to do.

"You name it—pets, guns, bathrooms, science, crime, cars, trees, toys, telephones—every subject and object



on earth is eventually used as a political tie-in by a cartoonist."

Since he is now an established veteran of the business, Chuck points out that he could easily browse through the more than 9,500 cartoons he has published in the past 39 years and simply update the theme and add new politicians to the scene. "This could easily be done, but it's the daily challenge of being able to come up with something new that makes this job the most exciting in the entire news profession. And, let's face it: As long as Congress keeps holding sessions and politicians keep making promises they know damned well they'll never keep, a cartoonist will never run dry."

He then mentioned the paper's publisher. "As I mentioned earlier, I'm free to do whatever I please around here and the first time the publisher sees the cartoon is when it appears in the paper. Gene (Pulliam) often passes my office to look over my shoulder to see what the cartoon will be for tomorrow's edition, yet this is a curiosity on his point rather than a form of approval or disapproval. I know there are many times when he may not personally like who I'm picking on that day, yet he seldom says so.

"This is one of Gene's fine qualities: I know he receives a lot of phone calls or letters from people who complain about something one of the employees here at the *Star* or *News* wrote, yet he backs us up and keeps the complaints to himself."

Pulliam senior—the late Eugene C. Pulliam who died last year—was the same way, Chuck adds, and he can remember only one "falling out" he had with his publisher during their long, 38-year friendship:

E. C. Pulliam was twice national committeeman for the Republican Party during the Eisenhower years and the President knew Pulliam well. In 1958, Sherman Adams, Ike's chief of staff, had been accused of accepting bribes in exchange for political favors. Several members of Congress demanded that he resign, yet Ike flatly stated that "I need Adams in my Cabinet."

"Ike needs Adams like a hole in the head," muttered Chuck. The following day, a cartoon appeared in the *Star*, showing Ike with a hole in his head pointing to Adams. The caption read, "I need him."

Pulliam was furious. He called Chuck on the phone and explained, and in no uncertain terms, that he didn't find that day's cartoon "funny in the least!" Pulliam went on to say that he was about to fly to Washington later that same morning for business and had been invited to have a game of golf with the President that very afternoon.

"How stupid of me, boss," replied the cartoonist. "Completely forgot about your golf game this afternoon. I should have shown Ike with 18 holes in his head."

After that remark, Pulliam crashed the phone back on its receiver. "I'm no fool," Chuck continues. "I got the hell out of my office and went to lunch early that day."

Later that same afternoon, he received a long-distance call from the Washington, D.C. airport. "Gene was calling to apologize, realizing that he was wrong for trying to impose his personal preferences on a member of his staff. That's the kind of man Gene was. Best friend I've ever had. I really miss him." (A few weeks later, on September 22, 1958, Sherman Adams resigned. It was speculated at the time that Eisenhower himself finally asked Adams to step down from the Cabinet.)

As a cartoonist, Chuck has his favorite political characters. "Some politicians can be developed quite easily on paper, while others take months. I still haven't gotten the President down to a likeness I'm really pleased with—no outstanding physical characteristics to emphasize with Ford."

Some of his favorites to draw through the years have included: Nixon: "The nose and eyes came quite easy for most cartoonists." FDR: "The glasses and cigarette holder were good drawing features." Ike: "His pear-

THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR

'From Now On I Use Only Genuine Ford Parts!'

'Why, They're A Perfect Fit!'

shaped head was always a delight to draw." LBJ: "The big mouth and ears." JFK: "The head of hair and toothy grin."

He also has his local politicians. "I'm having a lot of trouble developing a really good drawing of Hudnut—and I suppose I'd better develop a good likeness soon since our new mayor will be the subject matter for many cartoons during the next four years." Lugar: "He gave me a few problems at first, but he's been a pleasure to draw during the past eight years." Bowen: "Fun to draw—the glasses, the slightly round face . . ." Bayh: "Another easy person to draw—the hair and nose, the expressive eyes . . ."

His favorite character of all?

"Every cartoonist in the country, I'm sure, misses that fat little bear of the north. Khrushchev was a cartoonist's dream. He was short, fat, bald—so ugly he was almost cute. Whenever days were slow, you could always throw something together on Khrushchev, even if a news item on him was several days old. You could always take a facetious incident and make it all the sillier, thanks to Nikita.

"It's unfortunate for a cartoonist not to have the little guy around anymore. Breshnev isn't half as much fun to draw," he adds.

A long, drawn-out Presidential primary is another period during a cartoonist's career which he looks forward to with mixed emotions. "A politician often says more stupid things during a primary than any other time during an entire campaign. This is fine regarding the ideas a cartoonist can come up with, but he has to learn to draw several different candidates—and he has to learn to master their characteristics fairly fast."

He doesn't relish the upcoming Democratic primaries. "Over in the Republican camp there will be no problem. The three main contenders will be Ford, Reagan, and possibly Rockefeller. But look at the other party—they're coming out of the woodwork, and a cartoonist has to develop a character for each candidate."

• • •

The interview with Chuck was now more than one hour old, and he diplomatically explained that since he still had not come up with an idea for tomorrow's cartoon, he had "better get to work."

I asked if I could return later that afternoon and browse through his many bound volumes of cartoons. Returning at 3:30 p.m., after he had gone home for the day, I sat at Chuck's desk and began a three-hour study that would result in a unique history lesson.

As I eventually worked my way through more than 9,500 cartoons which depicted some of the most turbulent times of recorded civilization, I read four decades of history *not* through the eyes of a learned historian but through the works of a cartoonist. It was all there in cartoon form: Hitler's rise and fall, the horrors of war through the eyes of innocent civilians, the birth of the atomic age, Truman vs McArthur, the slow but eventual rise of communism, the New Frontier and Great Society, the U-2 flight and the Cuban missile crisis, the political scrap which began in Southeast Asia during the Eisenhower years that eventually ended in ideological division at home and the premature retirement of President LBJ who had only shortly before enjoyed the largest mandate in U.S. history, the flights of Apollo II and Mariner Four, and the rise and fall of Agnew and Nixon—all captured in detail through the eyes of Chuck Werner.

Since history is always the final judge, time shows that Chuck was quite narrow-minded, biased, and just plain wrong on some issues. But others? He was a prophet before his time, bringing to the public's attention many issues that politicians and other members of the news media would not pick up on for months to come.

President Ford was right: The pen of a cartoonist *is* often mightier than the politician, and it will probably be the cartoonist who will be able to best represent our era as future historians try to piece together events of the 20th Century. The fact that Chuck (along with many other cartoonists still living) has already seen his works become part of modern encyclopedias and history books proves this point.

It's a discouraging fact for a newsman to accept, yet true: With very few exceptions, it is the work of a reporter that passes *from* history, while the end product of a political cartoonist often passes *into* history.

Most cartoonists already realize this fact, so why should a newsman such as myself belabor the point? ●

Phil Love

LOVE TO ALL

THAT PHILADELPHIA con couple—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Colbert of 214 Dupont Street—have not only made fools of some very famous people; they've also made a liar out of me.

Twice now I've promised never to write another line about them. But how can I hold to that promise when readers keep sending me new information about the Colberts' shocking methods of bamboozling celebrities out of autographed letters, photos and cartoons?

Their favorite method, as you'll recall, is to write to a celebrity, say they've named their

Dear Mr Hoest. You may not recall our parents Mr + Mrs Heller Sr. However, many years ago they had the pleasure of having personally met you. A subject often discussed by them. For this reason may we make a request of you? We are in the midst of preparing their 50th Golden Wedding Album. Could you please personally do a sketch of "Folklorns" + inscribe it to Mr. Mrs Heller Sr. And Could you please send it to us ASAP? We'd like your sketch to be included in the album of notes + sentiments from all well wishers. They will be thrilled to think You remembered, after all these years

Sincerely - The Family

You are cordially invited
to A dinner + reception
in honor of the
Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary
of Mr. Mrs Edwin Heller Sr

DATE July 5 - 1975
TIME 6 P.M.
PLACE Home of Mr. Mrs Heller Jr
214 Dupont St
Phila Pa
19127

my dear Mr. Hoest - We are preparing a very special birthday Book to present Col. Shaler on his big day. We wonder if you could do us a very special favor? Could you please do a personalized sketch of the "Lockhorns" and inscribe it to Col. Shaler? And could you please forward it to us A.S.A.P. We want to include it in the album from you. He will get a big thrill when he reads it.

Hope You'll Come!

Sincerely
Mr. & Mrs. James Shaler
2141 Dupont St
Phila. Pa.
19127

Thanks

Date April 7 1976

Time 6-12

Address Home of the "Shalers"

It's for Col. Lucas Shaler

Col Shaler is a Span-American War Vet

newborn son for him and ask for an autographed cartoon or photo. Victims or intended victims of this ruse, as reported in CP issues 26, 27, 28 and 30, have included Richard Nixon, Yasir Arafat, Alfred Andriola *(Kerry Drake),* Hy Eisman *(Little Iodine),* Roger Bradfield *(Dooley's World),* and Russ Myers *(Broom-Hilda).*

But the Colberts haven't limited their trickery to the use of their "baby." Using the names Heller, Shaler, Jackson and Forwood (and possibly some I haven't learned of yet), they've also obtained signed cartoons, photos and letters by inviting celebrities to fake birthday and wedding anniversary parties.

My pieces about the tricksters' activities have brought letters from several of their targets. Now come two more letters, one from Bunny Hoest, whose husband Bill draws the Lockhorns, the other from Israel Ginsberg of New York. Bunny writes:

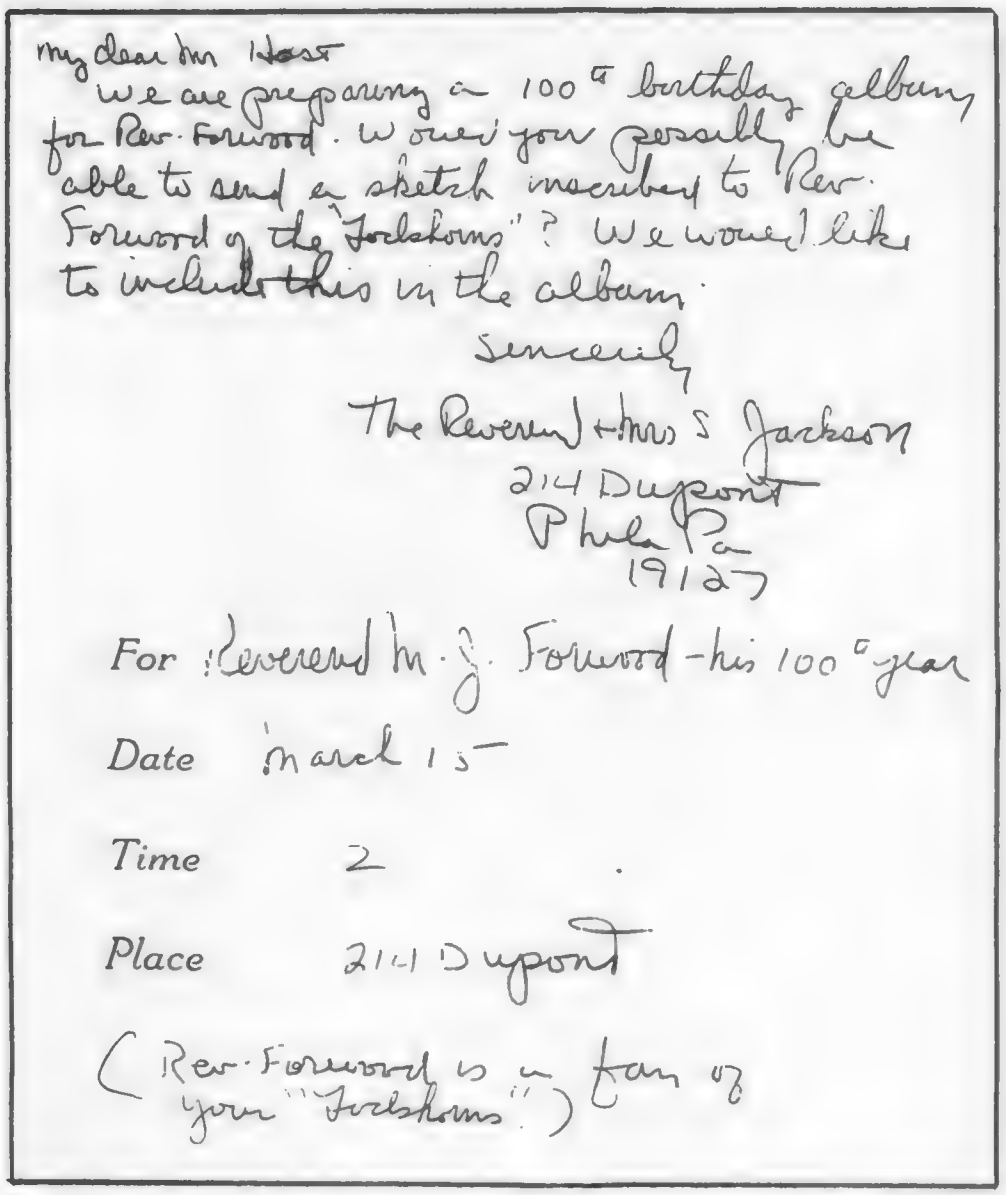
"At Jud Hurd's suggestion, I am sending these three invitations to a phony party that Bill has received three years running.

THE NEW YORK TIMES
SATURDAY. JANUARY 22, 1977

Notes on People

Only hours after **Jimmy Carter** was inaugurated as President, one of his handwritten letters, acquired through a ruse, was auctioned in New York for $900 by **Charles Hamilton,** owner of an autograph gallery. Mr. Hamilton said that the Carter letter, and one written by **Gerald R. Ford,** which brought $850, were obtained from sources who got them from **Robert Colbert** of Philadelphia, who has been sending baby pictures of his son, now 12, to notables and telling them the child was named for them. In the case of the Carter letter, Mr. Colbert said that the boy had been named Jimmy Colbert, according to Mr. Hamilton. Mr. Carter's note of thanks was written while he was Governor of Georgia. ■

You Are Invited


my dear Mr Hoest
We are preparing a 100th birthday album for Rev. Forwood. Would you possibly be able to send a sketch inscribed to "Rev. Forwood of the Jacksons"? We would like to include this in the album.
Sincerely
The Reverend + Mrs S Jackson
214 Dupont
Phila Pa
19127
For Reverend M. J. Forwood - his 100th year
Date March 15
Time 2
Place 214 Dupont
(Rev. Forwood is a fan of your "Jacksons")

"I know you have mentioned the charlatans behind the fraud in your column. I'm hoping that by printing all three identical requests sent to 'Bill Hoest' for original Lockhorns, you will alert all cartoonists who might fall for this cheap stunt.

"Incidentally, Bill fell for it in 1975 and 1976. We have you to thank for preventing a Hoest freebie from being sent in 1977."

Invitation number one was for a "dinner and reception" to be given at 214 Dupont Street, Philadelphia, by "Mr. and Mrs. E. Heller, Jr." It said:

"You may not recall our parents, Mr. and Mrs. Heller, Sr. However, many years ago they had the pleasure of having personally met you, a subject often recalled by them. . . . We are in the midst of preparing their Golden Wedding Album. Could you please personally do a sketch of Lockhorns and inscribe it to Mr. and Mrs. Heller, Sr., and could you please send it ASAP? We'd like your sketch to be included in the album. . . . They will be thrilled to think you remembered after all these years."

The '76 and '77 invitations were worded similarly but were for "birthday" parties. The address for both was 214 Dupont St. In Philadelphia, it seems, nearly everyone not only reads the *Bulletin,* they live at 214 Dupont St.

Ginsberg's letter enclosed an item from a *New York Times* "Notes on People" column quoting autograph dealer Charles Hamilton as saying letters from Jimmy Carter and Gerald Ford recently brought $900 and $850, respecively, at auction. The letters were said to have been obtained from Robert Colbert, "who has been sending baby pictures of his son, now 12, to notables and telling them the child was named for them."

I know what you're thinking: How can anyone bright enough to become President of the U.S. be taken in by such a trick?

You may also be wondering—as I am—why someone hasn't been charged, long before this, with using the mails to defraud.

* * * *

Another thing they don't make anymore like they used to is syndicate salesmen.

In the first place, there aren't as many now as there once were, and in the second place only a few of the ones now calling on newspaper editors are as interesting as the old-timers were.

A salesman who was a legend 30 and more years ago—and remains one at the age of 88—is Charles Vincent McAdam, Sr., now retired

and living in Miami Beach.

There was nothing high-pressure about Charlie's sales methods, but other syndicate men often said he could sell "anything to anybody." I can't vouch for that, but I can say—as I've heard many other editors say—that he had a kind of charm that was very hard to say no to.

Charlie was only 16 and fresh out of New York's public schools when he went to work for the McClure Syndicate. In 1917, after three years with McClure, he switched to the Hearst syndicates, International and King, where he remained until 1919. That was long before my time, of course, but old-timers have told me that his sales records with all three syndicates were phenomenal. Which, I assume, was why Virgil V. McNitt of Cleveland sought his help in founding a syndicate. Charlie was only 21 at the time.

A fellow as ambitious, capable and energetic as Charlie McAdam probably would have had his own syndicate sooner or later in any circumstances but Rube Goldberg had an important part in making it sooner.

Rube had become unhappy with the amount of money he was being paid by the New York *Mail,* which was syndicating his cartoons in a small way. So he persuaded McNitt, an old and trusted friend, to come East and take over the syndication. It wasn't long before McNitt and McAdam were in business together as the McNaught Syndicate. One of its first successes was Goldberg's great *Boob McNutt.* Other Goldberg hits were *Foolish Questions, Mike & Ike* and, of course, those zany inventions.

McNitt and McAdam never wanted their syndicate to be the biggest; they preferred to present a modest list of high-quality features that could be sold extensively. By the early 1930s McNaught was known in the trade as "the Tiffany of the syndicate business." One of the comics that helped give it that reputation was *Joe Palooka,* which is still running, though its creator, Ham Fisher, has been dead since 1956. There's an interesting story about how Palooka started with McNaught, and I'll tell it farther on if I don't run out of space.

The most persistent salesman I ever encountered was Arthur Rudd of Publishers Syndicate. You could tell Arthur no 15 times but he'd only come back with another argument for trying whatever feature he was peddling. "Thirty days TF," he'd say. "What have you got to lose?"

Arthur was known to get up petitions and have them signed by editors' subordinates in order to win favorable consideration for his features. He was a cherubic-faced little fellow who affected huge cigars and was always armed with an assortment of dirty jokes. Editors often spoke disparagingly of Arthur, but he kept right on making more sales than most other salesmen.

One editor who couldn't abide Arthur was always "out," "at a meeting" or "tied up" when he called. Finally, in desperation, Arthur learned what time the editor came to work and got there 15 minutes earlier. The editor was furious when he found Arthur flashing his cupid-like smile from behind his desk.

Another salesman who was hard to say no to was Jimmy O'Connell—or was it O'Donnell?—of CT-NYN, a lovable Irishman who always looked as if he were going to cry when he failed to land an order.

Then there was I.C. (Ike) Brenner of McNaught, who covered the U.S. from East to West and North to South by automobile, taking a year for each sales trip. He called on papers other salesmen never heard of—which may be why O.O. McIntyre's great column, *New York Day by Day,* at one time had 1,000 subscribers!

Other salesmen who come readily to mind, for one reason or another, are Harry Baker and Ed Collins, Chicago Sun-Times; George Haslam and George Driscoll, King Features; Bob Hall, Post-Hall, Hall and Publishers-Hall; and a fellow whose name I'd better not print.

John, as we'll call him, was prone to celebrate every important sale by inviting the buyer out for lunch, cocktails or dinner. He not only lost every job he ever had—including two very good ones—but he left a trail of hungover editors across the country.

* * * *

IN NUMBER 32, as you'll recall, I had at the *World Encyclopedia* of Comics for inaccuracy and shabby treatment of Al Smith *(Mutt and Jeff)* and Bob Dunn *(They'll Do It Every Time,* et al.)., 1976 Reuben Award winner.

Well, Bob responded so interestingly that, Jud willing, I'm going to run his letter in full. Here 'tis:

Thanx for nice words about that big new English cartoon book overlooking me, but I never made it really big. I was a good second man who was content to do a good job ghosting Milt Gross' "That's My Pop!", "Grossly X-Aggerated" (1936-1941, Daily and Sunday), gags and drawing while Milt was in Hollywood. Then Jimmy Hatlo (1939 to now).

I never wanted my own strip bad enough to make it or starve. Hatlo (a perfectionist) and I talked about this. He said *he* couldn't work for anybody else. Neither could Ham Fisher. It's a personality thing, I'm sure. Some have the drive to settle for nothing less than Top Dog. I didn't have discipline enough to force myself to become a unique stylist. I always thought the gag was more important than the drawing. I liked doing gags. Hatlo said of me "He pisses gags," I got a kick out of that.

About "Hairbreadth Harry": I'll tell you my opinion. By the way, here's an interesting sidelight. Belinda, as I call Kahles' daughter, came to see me at King about 3 or 4 years ago. I knew her before but this time she stopped in to see if I could suggest how to get "Hairbreadth" on TV. I took her to King's top TV man, Al Somebody (forget his name). Told him who Belinda was and what she wanted to know. Al said that he had been trying to develop a program on "Hairbreadth" for some time, and that he and King owned the property, as the copyright had not been renewed. Poor Belinda. She almost collapsed. Al explained there are people who watch copyrights about to expire and move in.

Al gave the rights back to the rightful owner Belinda, probably because he'd been unable to do anything with it. Ask Belinda about it some time. I advised her to quick get a lawyer.

I knew Fred Kahles, brother of Charles. Fred was in King Art Dept. for many years.

As a kid I only saw "Hairbreadth" now and then. Not sure what New York paper it was in.

I don't think "Hairbreadth" was promoted like it should have been. King promoted Jiggs and McManus unceasingly.

Example of promoting a feature—"Somebody's Stenog" was the first typist strip. Very good.

"Tillie the Toiler," a later copy, was really press-agented until it outstripped the original.

Also, Charles Kahles may have weakened his masterpiece by doing too many other features. His "Hairbreadths" always looked hurried to me, like he wasn't giving it his best concentrated shot.

Style has a lot to do with blockbusting strip successes.

Labored styles of drawing are accepted even if the art is bad if cartoonist gives it everything he's got. Example: Dick Tracy. Chet Gould has made his 'wrong' drawing acceptable.

Orphan Annie. I couldn't bear to look at his drawing. But he gave it his all.

Blondie: I never liked Chic's drawing. He, too, made it a world beater.

All of which proves how wrong I've been.

* * * *

IF YOU'RE a "subscriber" to the little journal of culture and enlightenment that I've been putting together for the Greater Buffalo Press for the last five years, please hear this:

I'm not doing it anymore.

The reasons are too involved to go into here but there is no reason to despair. Jud Hurd has generously offered to expand the space for this column to allow use of some of the same sort of material that made the *Press* so popular.

So let's hear it for Jud Hurd! And if you have any suggestions, please send them to me in care of CP.

* * * *

WHILE METRO, PUCK, THE NEWSPAPER COMICS COUNCIL and a few right-thinking people like you and me are struggling to keep the comics alive, some publishers and editors seem to be doing their best—or worst—to kill them.

Most papers have slashed the space allotted to comics, and more and more are dumping good, healthy ones to take on new, sick ones. The trouble with the good ones, it seems, is they've been around for a while, and the sick ones have the advantage of being new. This should shock no one. It's precisely in keeping with the national policy of compulsory retirement for no reason other than age.

The two papers I read most often have both dropped good old strips recently for very bad new ones. As a result, I now read four to six fewer comics in each paper than I formerly did.

It isn't hard to see where this is leading. Eventually, there will be none left for me to read—and I'm sure I'm not alone.

* * * *

UH—OH! There isn't enough space left to me to tell you about how Ham Fisher landed *Joe Palooka* with McNaught.

But I'll get it in next time, I promise!

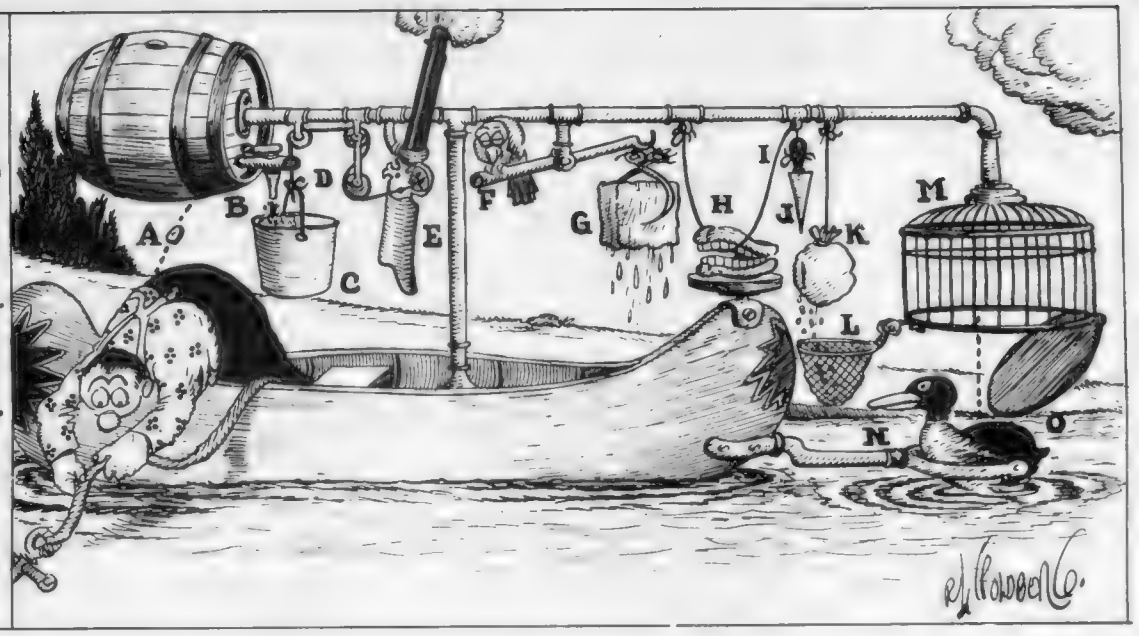
RUBE GOLDBERG

INVENTIONS AND COMICS

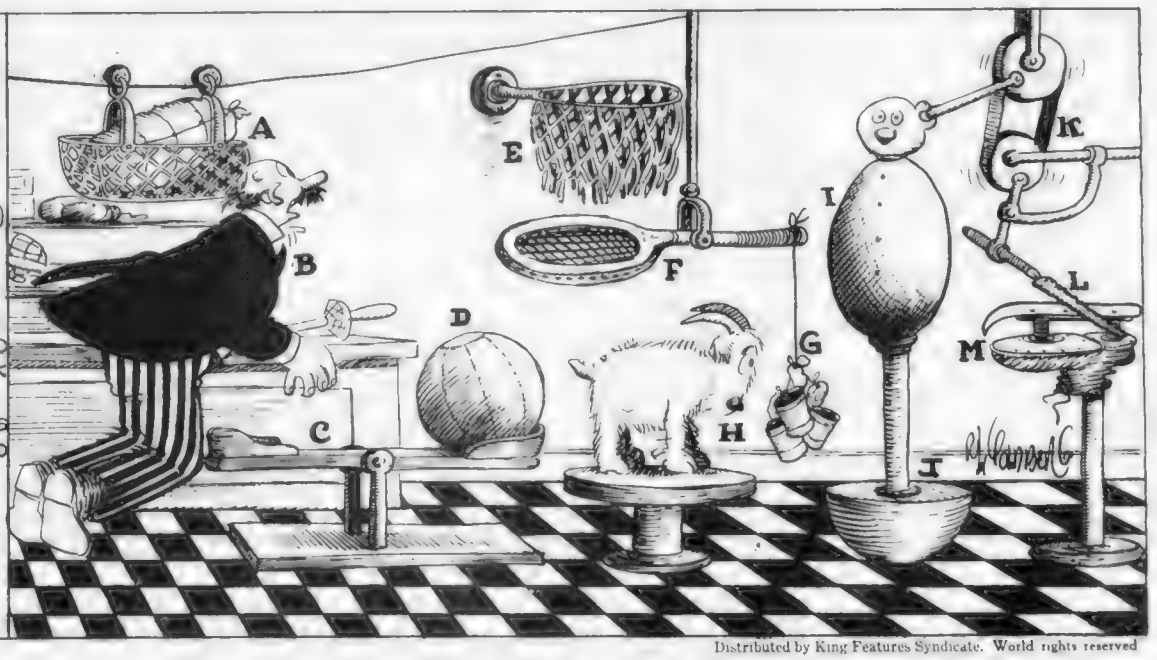
From January 7th to February 5th, The Truman Gallery, 38 East 57 Street, New York, N.Y. 10022, presented a show of "Inventions and Comics" by a dear friend of CARTOONIST PROfiles, the late one-and-only RUBE GOLDBERG. Since readers of this issue of our magazine will receive this notice too late to attend the show, we think you'll be interested to know that THE TRUMAN GALLERY, will continue to sell Rube Goldberg's work, and that anyone interested in acquiring originals may get in touch with the gallery.

As most of you know, Rube got deeply involved in sculpture during his last years and we understand from his wife, Irma, that his enthusiasm to get to work each day was boundless. We've included a photo here of Rube, in his studio, taking a moment to look over our magazine of which he was a staunch supporter.

PROFESSOR BUTTS TRIES TO FIX A LEAK IN THE BOILER AND WHEN HE IS RESCUED FROM DROWNING HE COUGHS UP AN IDEA FOR AN OUTBOARD MOTOR THAT REQUIRES NO FUEL.
AS YOU REACH FOR ANCHOR, BUTTON (A) SNAPS LOOSE AND HITS SPIGOT (B) CAUSING BEER TO RUN INTO PAIL (C). WEIGHT PULLS CORD (D) FIRING SHOT GUN (E). REPORT FRIGHTENS SEA GULL (F) WHICH FLIES AWAY AND CAUSES ICE (G) TO LOWER IN FRONT OF FALSE TEETH (H). AS TEETH CHATTER FROM COLD THEY BITE CORD (I) IN HALF ALLOWING POINTED TOOL (J) TO DROP AND RIP BAG OF CORN (K). CORN FALLS INTO NET (L). WEIGHT CAUSES IT TO SNAP LATCH OPENING FLOOR OF CAGE (M) AND DROPPING DUCK INTO SHAFTS (N). AS DUCK (O) TRIES TO REACH CORN IT SWIMS AND CAUSES CANOE TO MOVE AHEAD.
IF THE FALSE TEETH KEEP ON CHATTERING YOU CAN LET THEM CHEW YOUR GUM TO GIVE YOUR OWN JAWS A REST.



PROFESSOR BUTTS, WHILE OVERHAULING A 1907 FORD, FINDS AN IDEA FOR A SIMPLE WAY TO SHARPEN ICE SKATES.
WIRE BUNDLE-BASKET (A) IN SPORTING STORE HITS FLOORWALKER (B) AND KNOCKS HIM DIZZY. AS HE SINKS TO FLOOR HIS KNEES HIT END OF SEE-SAW (C) WHICH TOSSES BASKET BALL (D) INTO BROKEN NET (E). BALL FALLS ON TENNIS RACKET (F) CAUSING GROUP OF TIN CANS (G) TO FLY UP OUT OF REACH OF HUNGRY GOAT (H). GOAT, BEING ROBBED OF HIS DINNER, JUMPS IN FURY AND BUTTS HIS HEAD AGAINST BOXING DUMMY (I). DUMMY SWAYS BACK AND FORTH ON SWIVEL BASE (J), CAUSING TWO ECCENTRIC WHEELS (K) TO PUSH FILE (L) ACROSS BLADE OF SKATE (M) AND MAKE IT SHARP ENOUGH TO USE FOR SKATING IN THE WINTER AND SHAVING IN THE SUMMER.
YOU MAY THINK IT CRUEL TO HIT THE FLOORWALKER ON THE HEAD. BUT WE ASSURE YOU THERE IS NOTHING INSIDE WHICH CAN BE DAMAGED.



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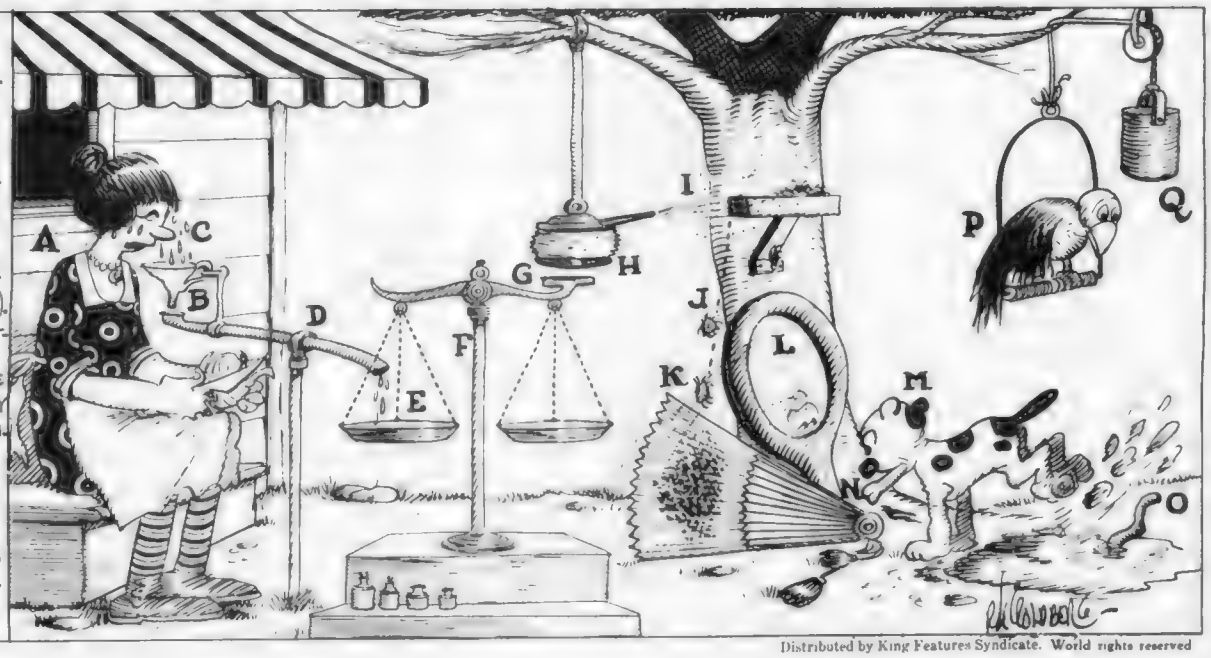
A BARBER PUTS A SCALDING TOWEL ON PROFESSOR BUTTS'S FACE AND WHILE HE IS SCREAMING WITH PAIN HE THINKS UP AN INVENTION FOR DIGGING UP BAIT FOR FISHING.
THE MAID (A) PEELS AN ONION AND CRIES INTO FUNNEL (B). TEARS (C) RUN THROUGH PIPE (D) AND DRIP INTO PAN (E) OF JEWELER'S SCALE (F), CAUSING END OF BAR (G) TO PRESS AGAINST SMALL BELLOWS (H), WHICH BLOWS INSECT POWDER (I) ON SHELF AND KNOCKS OFF ROACHES (J). ROACHES FALL ON EDGE OF ANTIQUE FAN (K), CAUSING IT TO CLOSE AND EXPOSE SURFACE OF MIRROR (L). SELFISH PALOOKA HOUND (M) SEES HIS REFLECTION IN MIRROR AND, THINKING IT IS ANOTHER DOG, HASTENS TO BURY BONE (N). AS HE DIGS, HE UNCOVERS WORM (O) WHICH IS SEEN IMMEDIATELY BY EARLY BIRD (P) WHO DIVES FOR IT OFF PERCH. WEIGHT (Q) DROPS ON HEAD OF BIRD AND KNOCKS HIM COLD JUST AS HE PULLS WORM FAR ENOUGH OUT OF GROUND FOR FISHERMAN TO GRAB IT EASILY.
WHEN THE EARLY BIRD WAKES UP YOU CAN LET HIM EAT THE ONION JUST SO HE WILL NOT BE GETTING TOO RAW A DEAL.



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by David Gantz

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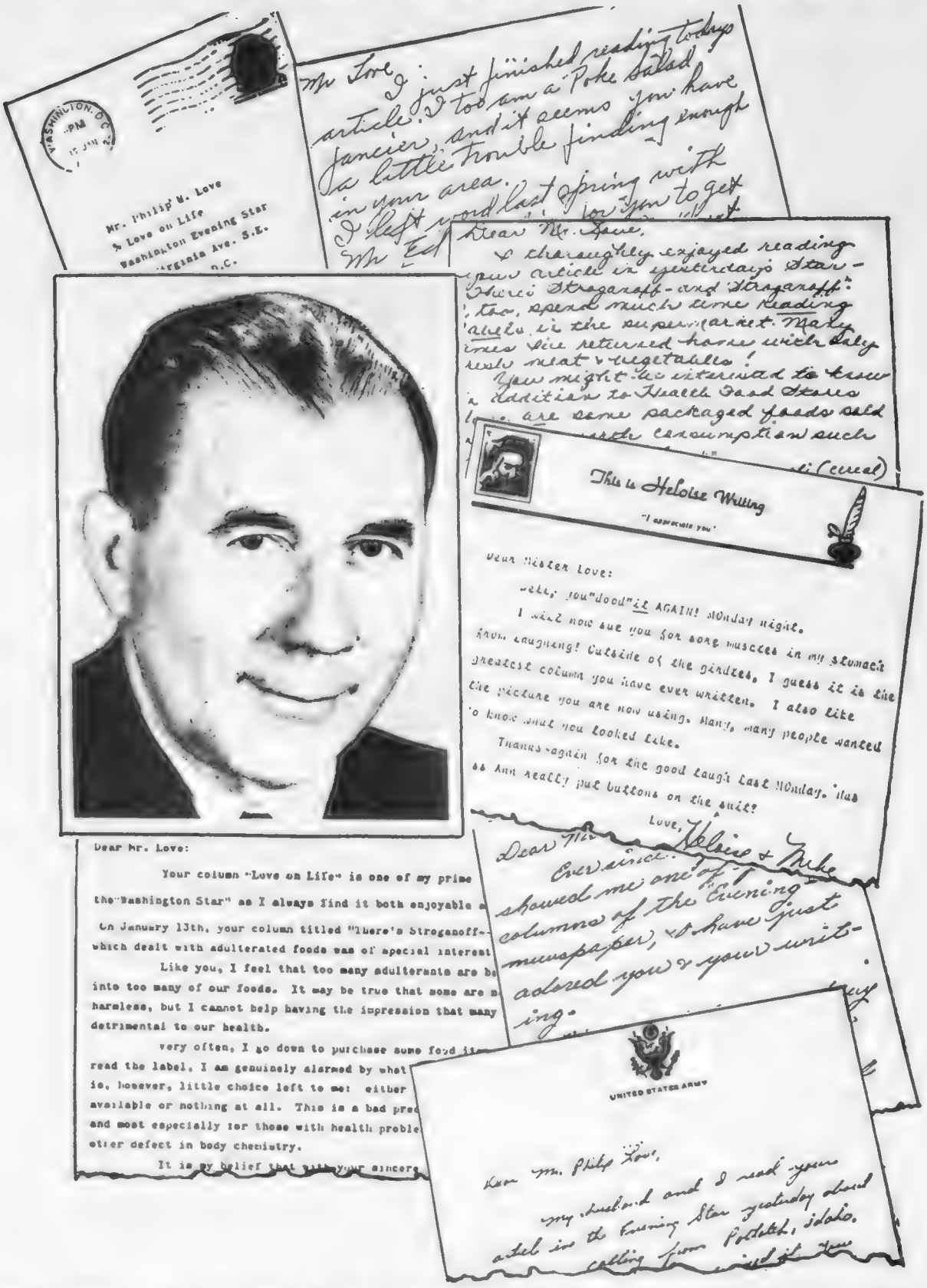
WASHINGTON, D.C.
PM
Mr. Philip M. Love
% Love on Life
Washington Evening Star
Virginia Ave. S.E.
D.C.
Mr Love
I just finished reading today's
article. I too am a Poke Salad
fancier, and it seems you have
a little trouble finding enough
in your area.
I left you last spring with
Mr Ed
Dear Mr. Love,
I thoroughly enjoyed reading
your article in yesterday's Star -
Stroganoff - and Stroganoff:
too, spend much time reading
labels in the supermarket. Many
times I've returned home with only
This is Heloise Writing
"I appreciate you"
Dear Mister Love:
Hello, you "doodunit" AGAIN! Monday night.
I must now sue you for sore muscles in my stomach
from laughing! Outside of the girdles, I guess it is the
greatest column you have ever written. I also like
the picture you are now using. Many, many people wanted
to know what you looked like.
Thanks again for the good laugh last Monday. Has
Ann really put buttons on the suit?
Love,
Heloise & Mike
Dear Mr.
Ever since
showed me one of
columns of the Evening
newspaper, I have just
adored you & your writ-
ing.
Dear Mr. Love:
Your column "Love on Life" is one of my prime
the "Washington Star" as I always find it both enjoyable
On January 13th, your column titled "There's Stroganoff-
which dealt with adulterated foods was of special interest
Like you, I feel that too many adulterants are be
into too many of our foods. It may be true that some are
harmless, but I cannot help having the impression that many
detrimental to our health.
very often, I go down to purchase some food it
read the label. I am genuinely alarmed by what
is, however, little choice left to me: either
available or nothing at all. This is a bad pre
and most especially for those with health proble
other defect in body chemistry.
It is my belief that with your sincere
UNITED STATES ARMY
Dear Mr. Philip Love,
my husband and I read your
article in the Evening Star yesterday about
calling from Poddatch, Idaho.

. . . and Love's letters have come, over the last dozen years, from readers in such far-flung places as Rome, Italy, and Bangkok, Thailand . . . Montreal, Canada, and Kingston, Jamaica . . . Washington, D.C., and Tacoma, Washington . . . and what they all say, in one way or another, is that Phil Love's light touch is the right touch for these trying times.

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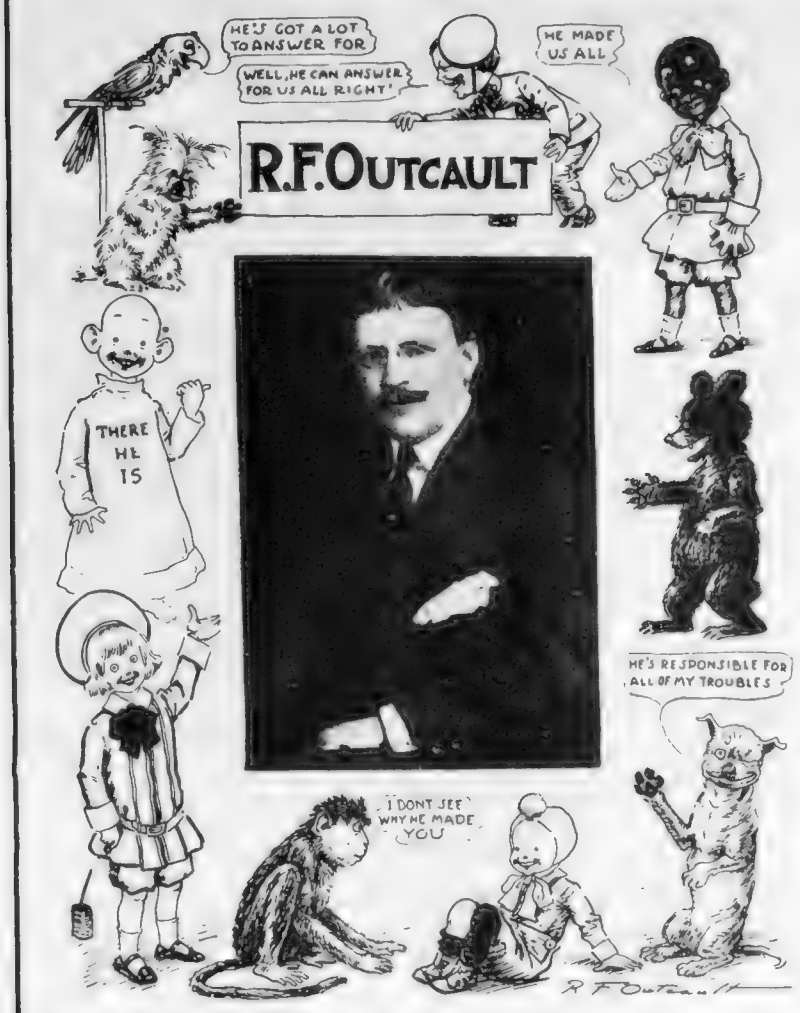
P.S. Yes, we're on the lookout for good ideas for other features geared to our times.


HE'S GOT A LOT TO ANSWER FOR
WELL, HE CAN ANSWER FOR US ALL RIGHT!
HE MADE US ALL
R.F.OUTCAULT
THERE HE IS
HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OF MY TROUBLES
I DONT SEE WHY HE MADE YOU
R F Outcault

PUBLISHED IN 1976

RICHARD F. OUTCAULT

January 14, 1863 - September 25, 1928
Lancaster, Ohio - Flushing, L. I., N. Y.

Please join with us in our October 26th, 1974, recommendation that a commemorative stamp be issued in 1978 to honor "the father of the comic strip," Richard F. Outcault.

Letters should be sent to your U. S. Senators and Congressman with your views on such an Outcault stamp. They can forward your views and their own views to the U. S. Postal Service.

In September 1928 the New York Times wrote that Outcault "fashioned what we now know as a 'comic strip,' though its humor was contained in one rectangle and the title was 'Hogan's Alley.'" Also, "to few men has there been vouchsafed the inventive genius to father an enduring public taste."

Thomas F. Schweitzer, Chairman, Richard F. Outcault Committee, The Queens Historical Society, Kingsland House-Museum, 143-35 37th Avenue, Flushing, L. I., N. Y., 11354.
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2. DATE OF FILING: Oct. 1, 1976
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BEST EDITORIAL CARTOONS OF THE YEAR

1976 EDITION

Edited by
CHARLES BROOKS

Foreword by BLAINE

Price of this book is $ 9.25 (including postage). It can be obtained from Charles Brooks, The Birmingham News, 2200 North 4th Ave., Birmingham, Alabama 35202.

SAID & DUNN

Our 'Said & Dunn' columnist, BOB DUNN, whose King Features "They'll Do It Every Time" cartoon appears around the world in nearly 500 newspapers.

by Bob Dunn

Stories that should be passed on to young cartoonists for telling over a favorite bar wherever two or more comic artists get together:

Like the one about Maurice Ketten, an editorial cartoonist for the old New York Evening World. Ketten was a Frenchman who came to this country when he was 19 and never lost his accent. His very popular, 5-column cartoon appeared daily on the back page of the World from 1918 to 1931. It satirized news events, fads and political goings-on. Ketten would draw it the day before it appeared, like all editorial cartoonists — very close to deadline.

One day (about 1929) Ketten, who lived and worked in a studio apartment in the Hotel Des Artistes, sent his cartoon, as he did every day to Bill Johnson, Editor at The World. This day the artist had forgotten to write a caption over the cartoon so the editor phoned him about it.

"Hello Maurice, Bill Johnson. Yeah. Very good cartoon. But you forgot the caption. Have you got one or do you want us to do it?"

"Oh, no. I have eet. I shall give eet to you now. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sure. Go ahead, Maurice."

"Money cannot buy a penis".

"Heh heh heh", an appreciative chuckle from the editor. "You're telling me, Maury ... Yeah, wish we could. Heh heh. What's the caption, Maury? It's getting late."

"*Money cannot buy a penis,"* repeated Ketten.

"Awright, c'mon! Quit the *%!*%&! kiddin' around! We're putting the paper to bed! What the hell is the *%&!*%&! caption?"

Ketten not only said it again but spelled it.

"Money cannot buy a penis. H-a-p-p-i-n-e-s-s!

One of the early cartoon strips that I was nutz about was "Minute Movies" by Ed Wheelan. That was the strip with two rows of panels so that every day the parody of motion picture technique would be divided into eight or ten boxes. Wheelan's wonderful cast of characters boasted of Dick Dare, Hazel Dearie, Ralph McSneer, Blanche Rouge, Fuller Phun, Archibald Clubb and child actor Herbert Honey. With such a troupe of stellar performers Wheelan burlesqued all the big movie hits of the day. Wheelan's feature was one of the most successful strips ever. Oddly enough it began to lose its popularity about the time the talkies supplanted the silents. Anyway it was finished in the middle 30's when Wheelan lost his great ghost artist, Nick Afonsky, who signed with King Features to draw the Sunday pages *Ming Foo* and *Little Annie Rooney.*

I got to know Wheelan, or J. Edgar as I called him, when Harry Storms of the Press Box Restaurant let him exhibit a series of clown paintings Edgar had tried after his cartoon career faltered. I thought Wheelan's clowns were even worse than most of the no-talent Sunday painters who somehow all think the grotesque clown make-up will camouflage the would-be artist's ineptness. That was about 1949. Harry Storms, a great cartoon fan, was very good to Wheelan. J. Edgar was pleased that I was a fan and he got a kick out of my knowledge of Minute Movie trivia. As for inster, Dick Dare's real name ... Richard Wishbone Dare. The old character actor ... Who was that? Will Power. I visited him at his studio around East 16th St. which was paid for by a wealthy lady who subsidized him for the year which he thought was all the time he needed to be as successful a painter as he had been a comic artist. I even bought a painting. Not one of his clowns. I admired one painting of a waterfall. The paint was very thick. It had been applied by the artist using a gloved thumb instead of a brush. I still have it. It was signed by Wheelan but I'm pretty sure Afonsky did it years before.

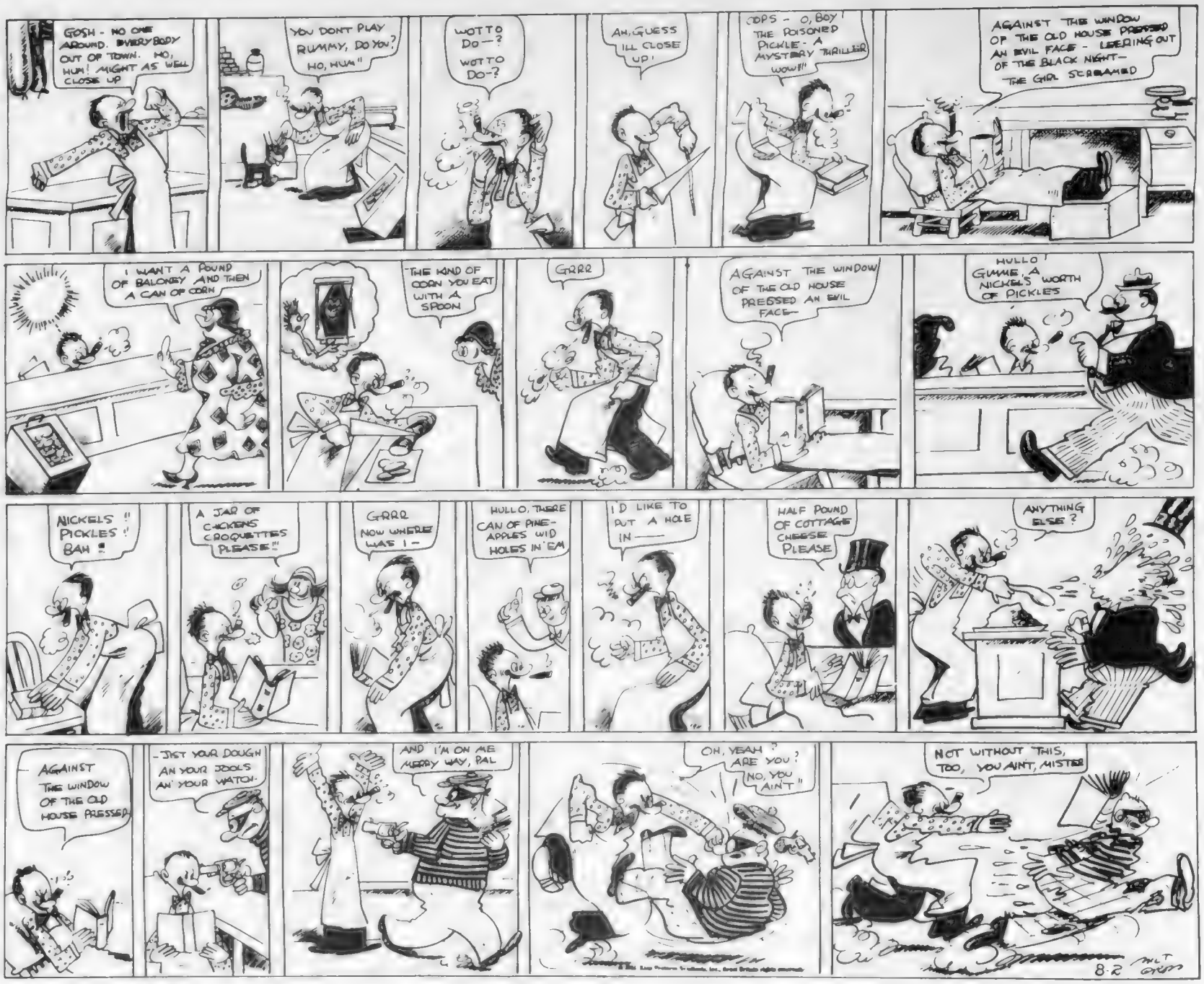
Wheelan was a tall good looking guy. He had an aura of class about him. I think he was a Cornell grad. When I knew him in his sixties, he looked like a chairman of the board of Pierce-Arrow. Through Harry Storms of The Press Box he met Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. of the Oyster Bay, or out of season, Roosevelts. Wheelan thought of a way to help his painting career. He'd paint such a good portrait of her deceased husband that Mrs. Roosevelt would not only buy it but all her society friends would commission him to paint their family portraits.

Wheelan dug up photos of Roosevelt, who incidentally was founder of the American Legion in 1918. He had served gallantly in France throughout World War I but had always stood in the shadow of his showy, dynamic father Teddy, the 26th president. One picture that Wheelan found was young Ted in uniform talking to an old Frenchman in patched peasant clothes. Wheelan copied the photo on a canvas about 6 ft. high and 3½ feet wide. The photo was black and white and J. Edgar used his imagination for the color. The painting was finished in a week in the hope of making a quick sale. It took longer to have it framed. Harry Storms financed the gilt job.

The Press Box threw a party to unveil the portrait. Mrs. Roosevelt was the honored guest. Ed Wheelan, as artist on premises was co-celebrity. A lot of newspaper people, cartoonists and advertising tycoons were there. Mrs. Roosevelt had been brought to the Press Box by fabulous Freddy Benham, a friend and neighbor of the Republican Roosevelts. When I arrived at the party, the picture had just been uncovered. It was pretty awful. Benham had Wheelan's ear and was

Minute Movies by Ed Wheelan. Circa 1928. © Geroge Matthew Adams Service, Inc.

ED WHEELAN'S PIRATE SERIAL
BLOOD AND BOOTY
EPISODE 13
"BLACKIE", THE FIRST MATE OF THE "VULTURE" IMMEDIATELY INFORMED CAPT SCURVY OF THE ACCIDENT", NOT REALIZING THAT IT WAS A CLEVER HOAX TO PREVENT SUSPICION —
"HANDSOME" JUST FELL FROM THE RIGGING, SIR! STRUCK ON HIS HEAD AND NOW HE CANT REMEMBER A THING!!
TWO OF THE PIRATES CARRIED LIEUT. STUART REYNOLDS TO HIS BUNK, THINKING OF COURSE HE WAS HIS TWIN BROTHER, RANDOLPH —
POOR HANDSOME — SEEMS LIKE HIS MIND'S A TOTAL BLANK NOW!!
WHEN CAPT. SCURVY ARRIVED, STUART HAD HIS HEAD BANDAGED AND PRETENDED TO BE RESTING COMFORTABLY —
WHAT"? DONT YOU KNOW YOUR OWN CAPTAIN, "HANDSOME"?!!
I'M AFRAID I DONT, SIR!!
MEANWHILE THE REAL PIRATE, RANDOLPH REYNOLDS, MANAGED TO UNDO THE ROPES WITH WHICH HIS TWIN BROTHER HAD TIED HIM —
WHAT IN THUNDER WAS STUART DOING ON THIS ISLAND AND WHY DID HE PUT ON MY CLOTHES?!!
BUT TOO LATE —
VULTURE AHOY! HELP - HELP!!
WATCH OUT FOR ALL THE EXCITEMENT, NOW, FANS!!!
6-25


GOSH - NO ONE AROUND. EVERY BODY OUT OF TOWN. HO, HUM! MIGHT AS WELL CLOSE UP
YOU DONT PLAY RUMMY, DO YOU? HO, HUM"
WOTTO DO—? WOTTO DO-?
AH, GUESS ILL CLOSE UP!
OOPS - O, BOY! THE POISONED PICKLE - A MYSTERY THRILLER WOW!"
AGAINST THE WINDOW OF THE OLD HOUSE PRESSED AN EVIL FACE - LEERING OUT OF THE BLACK NIGHT— THE GIRL SCREAMED
I WANT A POUND OF BALONEY AND THEN A CAN OF CORN
THE KIND OF CORN YOU EAT WITH A SPOON
GRRR
AGAINST THE WINDOW OF THE OLD HOUSE PRESSED AN EVIL FACE—
HULLO! GUMME A NICKEL'S WORTH OF PICKLES
NICKELS! PICKLES! BAH!
A JAR OF CHICKENS CROQUETTES PLEASE!"
GRRR NOW WHERE WAS I—
HULLO, THERE CAN OF PINE-APPLES WID HOLES IN 'EM
I'D LIKE TO PUT A HOLE IN——
HALF POUND OF COTTAGE CHEESE PLEASE
ANYTHING ELSE?
AGAINST THE WINDOW OF THE OLD HOUSE PRESSED
-JIST YOUR DOUGH AN YOUR JOOLS AN' YOUR WATCH-
AND I'M ON ME MERRY WAY, PAL
OH, YEAH? ARE YOU? NO, YOU AIN'T"
NOT WITHOUT THIS, TOO, YOU AINT, MISTER
8-2 MILT GROSS

There's never a minute's rest in *Dave's Delicatessen* by Milt Gross.
c 1931 King Features Syndicate, Inc.

telling him that Col. Roosevelt's nose in the picture was wrong. While I waited nearby Mrs. Roosevelt asked Wheelan if he couldn't open the eyes in the portrait. She didn't like the slits that represented her husband's eyes. Other criticisms I heard were "The helmet is the wrong kind." "The khaki color isn't right." "His neck could be fatter." I could see that Wheelan was near to blowing his roof. He looked around and saw me. I could tell he was glad to see a friendly face — a fan. He left the critical Mrs. Roosevelt to greet me, fairly certain that I'd have some praise for his chromo.

"They're driving me crazy", he blurted out, nodding the back of his head to indicate the carping coterie he had just left, as we shook hands.

I gazed intently at the big oil painting of the old ragged peasant on the left shaking hands with Colonel Ted on the right. Wheelan gave me time to study his masterwork and then hopefully asked: "What do you think?" I took my time and then answered him.

"I think Roosevelt should be on the left . . ."

Wheelan stalked away, apoplexy-bound, spluttering *"You too? You _!&*!*

Comes to mind a favorite headline as printed in the Newark Ledger about 1932. Newark's suburban neighboring towns were Orange, East Orange, West Orange and South Orange. Reporting on a gun fight there The Ledger screamed, *"Man shot in the Oranges".*

All time great Ernie Bushmiller has been a big league cartoonist for over 50 years. What a book there is in Ernst. He worked on the legendary New York World. One of his early art jobs was collaborating with the famous magician Houdini on a feature for the Sunday World. Ernie and Milt Gross were close friends of long standing. Milt told me Ernie was the best gagman he ever knew. Harold Lloyd appreciated Ernie and hired him to draw gag sequences for several of Lloyd's best movie comedies.

Jed Harris, the boy wonder theatrical producer (Broadway, The Front Page) thought Ernie Bushmiller and Milt Gross were the stuff of which successful playwrights were made and literally ordered a play from them. Harris, a brash show-biz promoter type, had hit it big and became the owner of a million-dollar yacht. He shanghaied Milt and Ernie, took them out to sea and told them they could put back to shore when they gave him a play. They tried. They went at it as if plotting a new comic strip.

Years later I met Harris in the Lambs and asked him about his Gross-Bushmiller instant dramaturgy (add salt water and stir authors).

He was really surprised I knew about it. He acted like they or their heirs still owed him a hit play.

All of which gives me an idea of how to publish a great book:

Note to Ernst Bushmiller: You are hereby invited to Lake Hopatcong, N.J. for a ride in my rowboat. I'll supply food, liquor, paper and pencils. All you have to do is write your book.

Signed Sooster P. Shimon
Literary Agent.

P.S. Do you type?

I just thought of an English story I heard Bruce Bairnsfather, British cartoonist (ol' Bill, the better 'ole) tell years ago. It should be told with a limey accent. It's about the fella alone in a canoe on a lake in Britain. He lost his paddle and was drifting along trying to propel it with his hands. He sees a rowboat with a man and two ladies in it. The canoeist hollers over to the rower, "Oi say, ol' boy... lend me one of your oars". And the other fella says: "*Blighter! It's moi woife and moi sister!!*"

Got a note from John Liney who draws "Henry". He suggested that Walter Hoban (Jerry on the Job) would be a fine subject for PRO-files and I certainly agree. Hoban was of the cartoon hierarchy that included stars like Herriman (Krazy Kat), George McManus (Jiggs), C.W. Kahles (Hairbreadth Harry), Tad (Indoor Sports) and Harry Hershfield (Abe Kabibble).

Hoban, out of Philadelphia, was the first syndicated big league cartoonist I ever met. I had a letter to him from a friend of his, a Pennsylvania lawyer. I brought my high school cartoons to show him at King Features which at that time (1928) was at Columbus Circle in N.Y. The syndicate was on the second floor in quite crowded quarters I remember. The offices were little wire cubicles. I don't think the receptionist was at the desk in the lobby. Anyway, I walked in, awed by being in what I knew was funny paper heaven. I could see men working at drawing boards. By their work I knew I was looking at Ad Carter, Russ Westover, and George McManus. I asked somebody where Hoban's office was and I was directed to it. The man in the wired hutch was sorting through old *'Jerry on the Job'* strips. I remember thinking that the preoccupied man had a face that would be easy to draw. I entered the cage, and stood there drinking everything in. On the drawing board was a new daily layout with cut-outs from old strips pasted on. I didn't realize I was seeing a paste-up for the first time. Finally Hoban looked up and I handed him the letter and got my drawings unveiled at the same time. He read the letter quick, nodded his head in resignation and glanced at my samples. He pointed to one and showed me that my shading was wrong. It didn't flow with the action. He seemed to be worried and harassed, not at all the effervescent, happy individual I expected all cartoonists to be. Looking back I now realize he was having deadline trouble. His widow told me years later that he used to spend more time trying to concoct a paste-up than it would have taken him to draw *two* original strips from scratch.

Hoban, I was to learn later, had a no-holds-barred sense of humor. Like during the depression when some poor guy would come through the building selling shoelaces, Hoban would make him stand on a desk and sing before he could sell his wares. When I didn't get out of his cage fast enough, but kept asking him to give me drawing tips, he did. He said I wasn't good at drawing the shine on shoes. He told me to buy a new pair of black shoes, use them as models and draw them from every angle, highlights and all. He let me know the interview was over.

Years later Hoban was on the Daily Mirror doing Needlenose Noonan. I got to know him and told him about him advising me to draw shoes. He didn't remember the incident but it struck him funny.

"You didn't do it, did you?", he asked.

I told him yes, I did. Bought 'em, drew 'em, wore 'em. It didn't hurt me because I began selling cartoons to the old Life. The first one was an Indian gag. (moccasins — not shiny shoes.)

Hoban died too early. He was one of the great.

Just thought of another Milt Gross Story. About his very early New York days. A lot of the kids Milt grew up with went into show biz: Bert Lahr, Georgie Price, Walter Winchell. Another kid, Arthur Flegenheimer didn't go into the theatre. He didn't go into cartoons either. He went into the bootleg beer racket and made a name for himself as Dutch Shultz.

Milt told me that he was impressed by Raymond Hitchcock, Willie Collier and a very young Frank Fay, monologists all, who talked so effortlessly and had the people rolling in the aisles. Milt wrote himself an act — a fast talking act. He did it for me just like he did it at the amateur night in the Bronx where he was trying to break in.

Milt was introduced as a young man with the gift of gab. He strode out to stage center down front and started to talk.

"I went into a hat store. I says to the man 'How much is a high hat?' He says '12 bucks' and I says *'Too high!'* Hello, Max" (as if recognizing a friend in the audience).

The tough audience didn't let him get any further. Milt got the message and summoned up enough aplomb to say, "So long, Max", as he was helped off the stage.

That closed out Milt's career as a performer until years later when, as a star cartoonist, he was called on often as one of King Features best chalk-talkers.

Among the working big league cartoonists I met when I was trying to break in was a kind, helpful artist on the Herald-Tribune. I had a letter to him from a Wall St. stock salesman with Ungerleider & Co., where I was working at the time. The cartoonist was Frank Fogarty who is still hale and hearty and busier than ever. At the time Frank was drawing 'Clarence' in collaboration with a gagman named Holbrook, who lived and worked out West. They were partners for many years — and here's one for Ripley — they never met.

Fogarty looked at my samples. I had a pen and ink portrait of Frances Williams, a beautiful singer of that time. Frank, I thought, picked an odd thing to criticize. "You don't draw ears too good", he said. Funny the things you remember.

Frank was an early member of the National Cartoonists Society and was organizer and captain of the ball team that played Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians We had a ringer, Hall-Of-Famer Rabbit Maranville, playing second for us. He made two errors in the first inning.

Frank is a master at decorative scroll work. His beautiful art work looks like stained glass windows which is why I named him "Holy Pictures" a nickname which has stuck to him ever since.

One more thing about "Holy Pictures" Fogarty I'll gladly admit — he *can* draw ears!

FRITZI RITZ

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THAT'S MY POP

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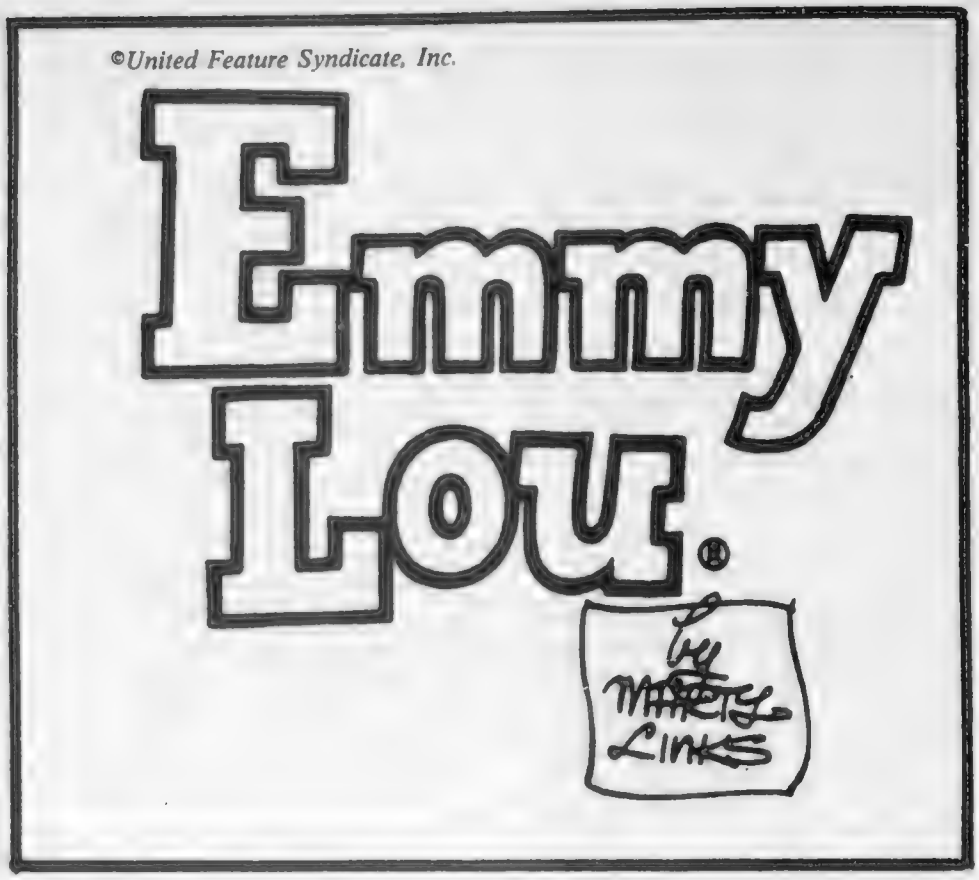


This interview with MARTY LINKS, the creator of the daily panel and the Sunday page of the popular feature EMMY LOU, was conducted for CARTOONIST PROfiles by Ed Mitchell, the Program Chairman of The Northern California Cartoon & Humor Association. Marty, whose given name is Martha, is one of the relatively small number of women who have been successful in comic strips, but she is enthusiastic about it as a field for her sister artists! EMMY LOU is distributed by the UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE.

Interview by
ED MITCHELL

Q: People who are unfamiliar with the name, Marty Links, always assume that you're a man, don't they?

A. Yes -- when a reader writes me a letter addressed to 'Dear Martin', I answer his questions and then add a little note at the end, saying that I'm not a *Mister* Links, but the mother of several children! I've been fighting this for years because everyone assumes I'm a male except people in the area around here who have read about me in the local papers. And it's really amazing how intensely interested these local people are - I've been in stores and have given my married name Arguello - and folks will come up to me and say, "You're Marty Links, I remember reading an article about you and I've always followed your career!" You know for many years the National Cartoonists Society sent all my letters to 'Mister' Links. Finally I sent them an announcement that I'd just had a baby!

Q: What about women in cartooning? Is it tough?

A: Well, it's the one job where you can work at home, raise your family, and be a wife. But you're torn between cleaning the house or meeting your deadline. The deadline should come first but so should your husband's breakfast he couldn't care less about your deadline! I'm a widow now my husband was an original chauvinist and I accepted it. I'd get up early and draw, and when I heard him coming downstairs, I was out of that studio room in a minute with the eggs frying. I could have afforded help because I've done well but half the time they didn't show up. And you can't say to your children, "I'm sorry, kids, but mother's having a career." They come first. So you spend your life being torn between the terrible desire to draw, and the terrible desire to be a wife and mother. Whichever job you're doing at the moment, you think you should be doing the other one. You spend your life being really tired.

With this being said, though, I do think cartooning is a wonderful field for women and commercial art is also. I'd always worked at home in my studio while my husband was living, but when I became a widow, and my children were grown, I found it very lonely, being shut up in the studio. I wasn't getting a chance to mingle with people so I finally took a desk at a friend's commercial art studio, went there once a week, and later we had a Christmas card business going for many years.

Q: I understand that you've been getting some letters from feminists these days.

A: Yes -- they're against 'Emmy Lou' because Emmy is shown sitting by the phone, waiting for a boy to call. They say I'm perpetuating a custom that's been going on for generations and that it's wrong. But I feel that I'm just reflecting what's still happening

I see my own kids doing it, and I've done it myself, I'm sorry to say, even at my age. It seems to me that we women are still not in a position where we can just call whomever we want to. However I try to get in touch with

"Just think, Daddy -- that phone is still warm from Alvin's voice!"

MARTY LINKS

these feminists who write because I'm very much in sympathy with what they're trying to do.

Q: Your feature was originally called 'Bobby Sox' — why the change in title to 'Emmy Lou'?

I changed it years and years ago because bobby sox went out of style and people didn't wear them. Incidentally, The San Francisco Chronicle is the only paper which retains the original title on the dailies. I feel it's sort of a nostalgic thing to keep the term 'bobby sox' — it has a certain charm.

Q: 'Bobby Sox' will always have a special meaning for me. How did you happen to get started with a feature of this kind?

A: Well, I was very young, teenagers were just coming into their own, and I myself was barely out of my own teens, if at all. Thirty years ago — even before I was married — I was only doing this type of cartoon once a week. I got $5 a week from The Chronicle, and the main character didn't always look the same. I sort of kept changing her, adding things here and there. I remember when 'Look' magazine did a story on me, and they took me and a lot of other kids to the soda fountain where I went myself all the time. Teenagers came into their own then, as I mentioned, just as the college kids came into their own during the 60's. So, being of that age, and of that era, I felt I could depict those scenes. and characters authentically. Then as the years went by, and I had my own teenagers, I had even more real-life situations to draw from. I'll have to say that some of the things that were true could never be put into the paper.

Q: Do you do your own ideas?

A: Well, you know for years I worked with Jerry Bundsen on the dailies. I'd use his ideas, perhaps change them a bit, add here and there, and then use some of my own. The Sundays I did entirely myself, and they were more difficult because they involved more of a story, and I tried to work the mother and the father into the page. Then there was extra figuring-out to do since some newspapers dropped the top line of the Sunday page.

Q: How did you first become aware of Jerry Bundsen and of Ted Martine who has worked with you on the drawing end of things?

A: When the syndicate said I'd have to do a Sunday page, I phoned the San Francisco School of Fine Arts and asked if they had a young man interested in cartooning. They sent me Ted Martine and the rest is history. As for Jerry, I phoned the Chronicle and asked if there was anyone there who was interested in writing gags. Soon after I started working with him and I don't think there's ever been a cross word between us. Ted, in his own right, is a successful commercial artist and is one of the most superb draftsmen I've ever known. I couldn't have carried the feature on over the years without Jerry and Ted.

Q: Will you say something about the business of doing a feature about a teenager?

A: You start with the gag and write backwards. And you're limited to the extent that you're dealing just with a family involved with a teenager. I drew on my own experiences at home — the whole feel of it the way my kids dressed and acted. I think an artist unconsciously takes in everything — I read and read and read — I go to anything that comes along, just like these youngsters. I'm interested in everything and it's all 'input' somehow the results seem to come out in everything I do.

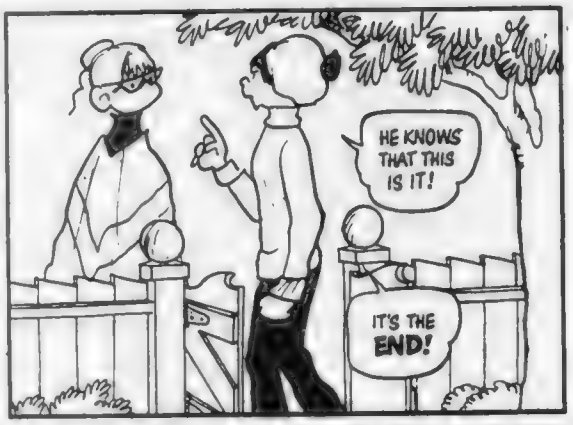
Q: Can you put any social or political comment in your feature?

A: I'm very interested in politics but I can't include anything like that. I was so against the Vietnam war, and I remember asking Stan Arnold, the Comics Editor of The San Francisco Chronicle, if I could do some gags

"Guess what! Alvin just washed his car and found out it was green!"

"Hey, Mom! The car is home! The car is home!"

"Well, looks like they've really hit it off! Emmy Lou's new boy friend and our refrigerator!"



I TOLD HIM WE WOULD NEVER GO STEADY AGAIN!
TIME HAS RUN OUT!
12-19
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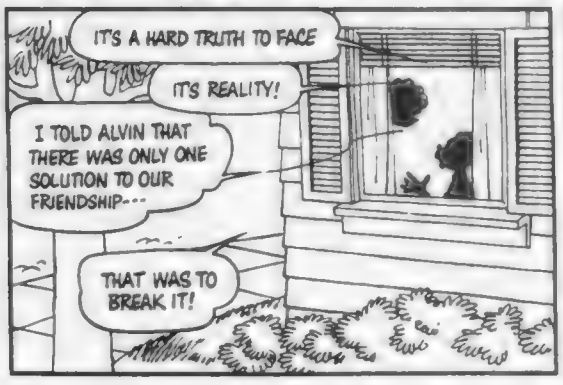
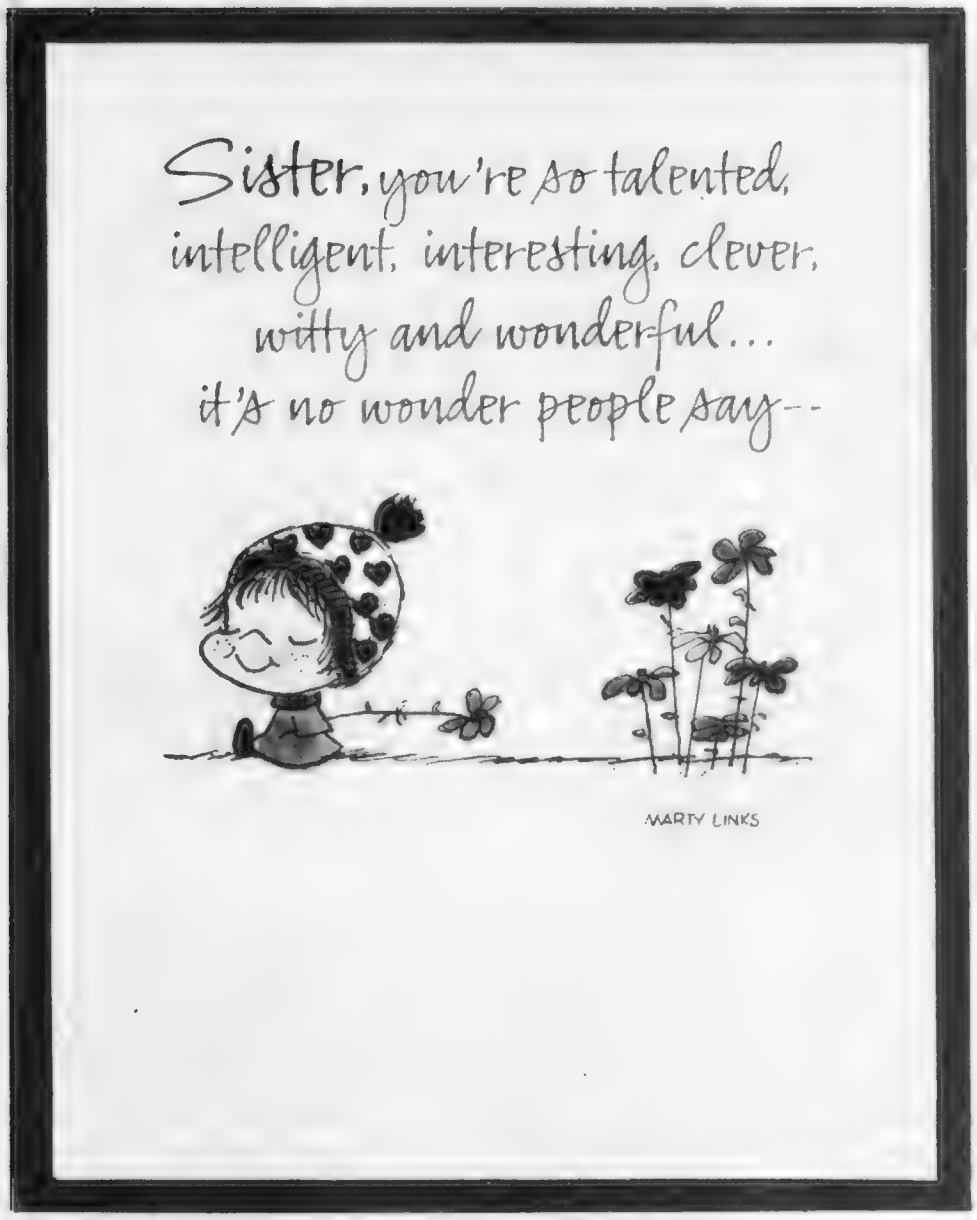



LOLLIPOPS®
BY MARTY LINKS
Sister, you're so talented, intelligent, interesting, clever, witty and wonderful... it's no wonder people say--
MARTY LINKS

One of the 'Lollipops' greeting cards by Marty Links for Hallmark Cards.

... and the follow-up page

© 1977 HALLMARK CARDS, INC.

Hallmark

pertaining to Emmy Lou being aware of the war, and of how wrong it was. I was very much aware of it since my kids were of draft age. But he said that wasn't my role or Emmy Lou's. I felt badly about this but I can't cover everything.

I live in San Francisco which is a very open-thinking city — I'm a very open person just as most artists are — and I sometimes forget that I have papers in other parts of the country where opinions may be somewhat different. I remember I wanted to bring a black girl into the cartoon and that the syndicate was very upset at first because they thought I'd lose a lot of papers in the south. Some of the kids who came to my house were black — my son's roommate was black — and it seemed so strange for me not to include something of that world in the feature. I have my standards but I have to earn a living, so I set the idea aside for a while and thought more about it. Finally I sneaked her in, little by little, and fortunately all the comments were good. Sometimes I think the artist's good taste should override certain rules.

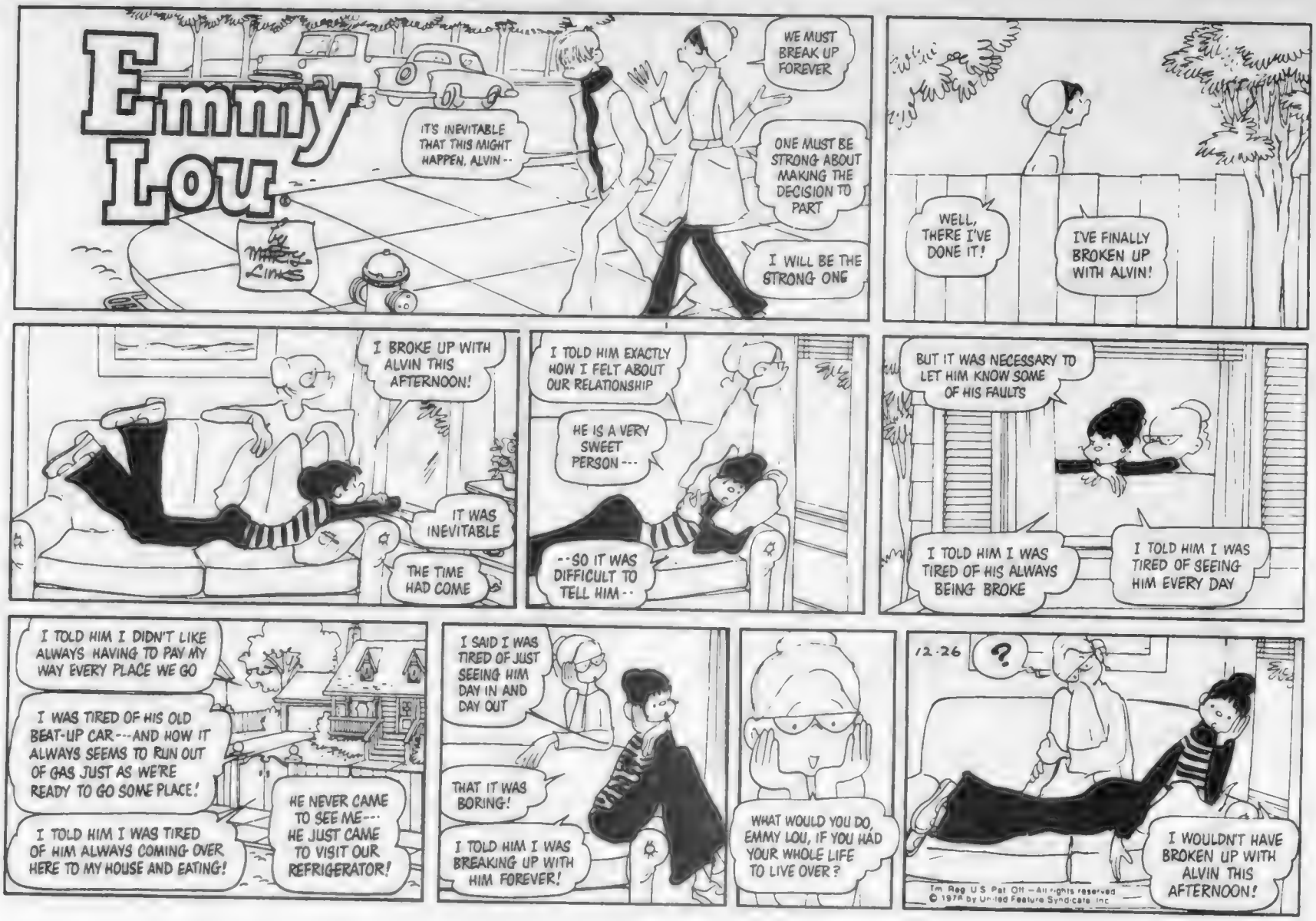
Q: You know your characters best, they're alive in your imagination, and so they must remain in character at all times.

You have an interesting way of arriving at a composition that pleases you in your panel. Tell us about it.

A: Well, first I pencil in the entire room or scene in which the day's panel is going to take place. Then I take a piece of bristol board from which I've previously cut out an oblong opening just the size I want my cartoon to be. You see I've overdrawn the room purposely — putting in more than will appear in the final panel. Then I slide this cutout board around over my penciling until I select just the part of the room I want for that particular cartoon. Finally I eliminate the parts of my original penciling that I don't need.

Q: How does Ted Martine help you?

A: I can't print, so he does my balloons and inks in the backgrounds which I've penciled. He might ink a lamp and a table and drapes, and then I'd put fringe on the lampshade, a design on the drapes, etc. He would never touch a figure but would draw his lines right up to the spot where the figures should be and leave a blank in which I'd put in the characters. Ted's work is more straight than mine, so that I think the combination of his technique with the looseness of my figures has been a good thing.


Emmy Lou
by Marcy Links
IT'S INEVITABLE THAT THIS MIGHT HAPPEN, ALVIN--
WE MUST BREAK UP FOREVER
ONE MUST BE STRONG ABOUT MAKING THE DECISION TO PART
I WILL BE THE STRONG ONE
WELL, THERE I'VE DONE IT!
I'VE FINALLY BROKEN UP WITH ALVIN!
I BROKE UP WITH ALVIN THIS AFTERNOON!
IT WAS INEVITABLE
THE TIME HAD COME
I TOLD HIM EXACTLY HOW I FELT ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP
HE IS A VERY SWEET PERSON---
--SO IT WAS DIFFICULT TO TELL HIM--
BUT IT WAS NECESSARY TO LET HIM KNOW SOME OF HIS FAULTS
I TOLD HIM I WAS TIRED OF HIS ALWAYS BEING BROKE
I TOLD HIM I WAS TIRED OF SEEING HIM EVERY DAY
I TOLD HIM I DIDN'T LIKE ALWAYS HAVING TO PAY MY WAY EVERY PLACE WE GO
I WAS TIRED OF HIS OLD BEAT-UP CAR---AND HOW IT ALWAYS SEEMS TO RUN OUT OF GAS JUST AS WE'RE READY TO GO SOME PLACE!
I TOLD HIM I WAS TIRED OF HIM ALWAYS COMING OVER HERE TO MY HOUSE AND EATING!
HE NEVER CAME TO SEE ME--- HE JUST CAME TO VISIT OUR REFRIGERATOR!
I SAID I WAS TIRED OF JUST SEEING HIM DAY IN AND DAY OUT
THAT IT WAS BORING!
I TOLD HIM I WAS BREAKING UP WITH HIM FOREVER!
WHAT WOULD YOU DO, EMMY LOU, IF YOU HAD YOUR WHOLE LIFE TO LIVE OVER?
12-26
?
I WOULDN'T HAVE BROKEN UP WITH ALVIN THIS AFTERNOON!
Tm Reg U.S. Pat Off.—All rights reserved
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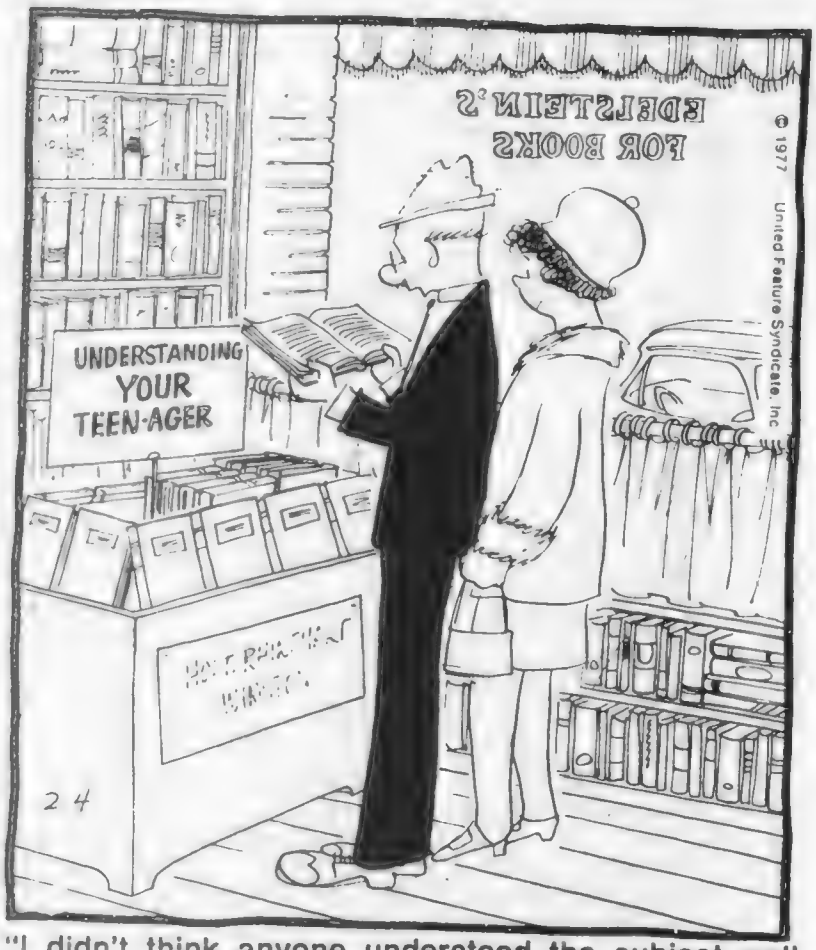
"With the TV out of order, Emmy Lou's discovered something new -- books!"



"I didn't think anyone understood the subject well enough to write a book about it!"

Q: You have been doing the LOLLIPOPS line of greeting cards for Hallmark, haven't you?

A: Yes — at first I was afraid of joining such a large company but I've found them among the most open-minded considerate people I've ever worked with. Knowing about them has opened a whole new world for me. Instead of tying me down, they've said "We want *your* viewpoint because that's what we're paying for." They have artists working for them all over the U.S. — and they're open to new artists and new ideas. Bill Brewer and Bob McCloskey are so aware of what is going on in the whole world of art that it's unbelievable! Some of the young artists who start out with Hallmark spend a certain number of years back at the headquarters in Kansas City to get the feel of things, but the company also uses contributing artists. I've visited Kansas City and was literally floored by the talent I saw there. And, while I'm talking about Hallmark, I'd certainly like to give Sparky Schulz full credit and thanks for having recommended me to them!

Q: In the cartoon gag-writing class that Jim Brown and I (Ed Mitchell) conduct, there's an ever-increasing number of high school girls and young women who enroll, and their talent is universally good. They attack their assignments with vigor and they do listen to instructions. What has been your observation about the success of women in cartooning, and do you have any special word for our students?

A: I think cartooning is one place where it makes absolutely no difference whether you're male or female. I will say, though, that my advice to a woman who wants to combine marriage, children, and a career, is to try and get a nap in the afternoon! Your life, your vacation, etc., all revolve around that deadline. It isn't a casual commitment and it requires a lot of self-discipline. How many times, when I've been sitting in my studio on a hot, sunny day, and someone has phoned and said, "Marty, let's go to the beach", have I had to reply, "I can't do it, I've got to have this in the mail by this afternoon." On the other hand, if you work ahead, you can take a few days off now and then. But I must say that in order to take a 6-week trip, I've almost literally had to get a year ahead with my cartoons!

Q: Thanks, Marty, for telling us so much about yourself and your work.

EMMY LOU

"Since your new puppy only wakes up to eat, Emmy Lou, why don't you name him Alvin?"

"I say give up poetry, Alvin! Especially when you can't think of a rhyme for 'moon'!"

MATT MARRIOTT

Tony Weare

The strip, MATT MARRIOTT, and its creator, TONY WEARE, will be little known to the readers of comic strips in the U.S. Weare first drew his famous Western strip for the London, England, Evening News just twenty-two years ago, and it has been syndicated all over the world, except to the country which inspired it — the United States. But it's the hope of CARTOONIST PROfiles to share with our readers the thoughts, the methods and the experiences of cartoonists from all countries. We can benefit professionally from hearing the stories of top cartoonists everywhere, whether we've previously been aware of their work or not. The very interesting point about the following conversation between our regular correspondent, KEITH MACKENZIE (the Art Editor of the London Daily Mail) and TONY WEARE, is that Weare had never visited personally the scenes in the western United States which he's portrayed in 'Matt Marriott' for so long — until a few years ago. As he relates in this interview which Keith conducted especially for us, Weare spent two years wandering about the U.S. in a Volkswagen camper, comparing the real West with his fictionalized concept of it.

As our readers will recall, Keith Mackenzie has interviewed Millar Watt, the creator of the famous POP strip, and the noted Alex Graham of FRED BASSET fame in the previous issues of our magazine.

interview BY keith mackenzie

Mackenzie: You've been drawing the 'Matt Marriott' western strip which has been appearing in the London Evening News and other papers around the world for the past 22 years, but had never personally visited the scenes which you portray in western United States till a couple of years ago. That's right, isn't it?

Weare: Yes, and I suppose you've noticed a

bit more detail in my drawings of the bridles and saddles of the cowpunchers since my trip. And you may have been aware of the fact that a few unaccustomed but authentic trees, shrubs and wild flowers have been cropping up in the backgrounds of the strips. After all I spent a couple of years traveling through places that I'd been drawing from my imagination since 1955. It all started out as a simple flying visit to my son, Shane, who is a Professor of Engraving at an art college in the States. But once I was there, I felt compelled to stay and to explore and draw all of the wilderness and the beauty which still exists in the west. As you know, I went around in a Volkswagen camper. I sent a steady stream of strips that I'd drawn in the back of the camper behind. I guess I flung myself at the camper and it just rolled me underneath against the hot engine! And of course I couldn't get out. I was getting light-headed and I really thought I'd had it. Suddenly along came a Chevrolet with a rather stupid-looking cowboy behind the wheel. He stopped and for some reason or other I spoke in an outrageously English way — "My dear fellow, I'm so glad you've arrived — would you be kind enough to push this vehicle off my body?" His eyes opened with amazement and I knew he was thinking, "Who's this dude — he must be loco!" Anyhow, he pushed the VW off me, and just moseyed off, not realizing how seriously I'd been hurt. I found I could drive and figured that, like wounded stags that go up into the Marriott' strip. Just try lying on your back, with your legs in the air, doing strip cartooning! You drop a brush and it takes you twenty minutes to retrieve it, but this gives you an edge over the other patients, because you've really got a job that's got to be done, and you don't have a chance to get bored.

Mackenzie: Give us some more of your reactions to the American west.

Weare: The thing an Englishman cannot realize is the enormous distances in America. My visit made these scenes that I've drawn all these years so much more real to me, and I don't know even now how the pioneers ever made it from the east, over the mountains to the west!

Tony Weare

to London.

Mackenzie: Speaking of the camper, I know you experienced one near-tragedy with it, which, however, did result in your writer James Edgar's being able to do a runaway wagon sequence in 'Matt Marriott', based on your horrifying experience.

Weare: As I was driving up a lonely, dusty road in a mountain pass in Colorado, I came to a fork, and there was no one around from whom to ask directions. I got out to look at tire marks to see which road was the most important, and as I did so, I suddenly saw my VW starting to roll down the mountain with everything of value I had in it. Instead of trying to stop it from the side, as one normally would, for some reason I tried to stop it from lonely mountains to lick their wounds, my bad burns might eventually heal. But they didn't, so I stopped at a little Navajo Indian hospital, where they told me I was going to lose my leg unless I continued on to a hospital in Albuquerque. Well, I spent two months there, had operations galore, but found a much more relaxed atmosphere than you find in British hospitals. They wanted me to play my melodeon in the hospital, and since I have a habit of making up songs, when the doctors came around, I'd ask them if they'd listen to my latest song. They'd always agree and I'd begin singing. As you know, this couldn't happen in England. I did lots of drawings of the nurses, the patients, the life there, and every day, after a while, I did the 'Matt

If there's an impossible mountain, the Americans just build a road and the power lines right over it — it leaves you speechless with admiration for the accomplishment. It sometimes frightens one into thinking that they've almost done these things too much, and may have almost killed the very land itself, but they're sensitive to this, and now they are doing a great deal, ecologically speaking, to preserve it. In fact, I think they lead the world in this respect.

Another thing during my trip — I became aware of wild flowers with which I was unfamiliar. There were many types of things I hadn't seen in England — I could have found new and different trees or stones, or what have you, but somehow I began to approach

I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB, SON. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE DOLLARS WERE EARNED TO PUT YOU IN FANCY PANTS AND GIVE YOU THAT DUDE ACCENT. EVERY STITCH YOU CARRY ON YOUR BACK WAS...
HEAVE, YOU MISBEGOTTEN LUGS! HEAVE!
...BORN OUT OF THE MUCK-SWEAT OF BETTER MEN THAN YOU'LL EVER BE. WELL, YOU'RE GONNA MEET 'EM, SON. YOU'RE GONNA STAND RIGHT BESIDE 'EM AND MATCH SWEAT FOR SWEAT, GRAFT FOR GRAFT!
38
AND WHERE'S THIS PLACE YOU TALK ABOUT ?
OUT WEST IN KANSAS. GET YOUR BAG PACKED. WE'RE MOVING OFF AT SIX TONIGHT

flowers not as a botanist but as an artist. Around each corner was a fresh experience — a flower you don't find in Europe, just waiting to be seen. The country was trying to show me many things and of course I paid a lot of attention to birds, animals, etc.

Mackenzie: You had quite a strong reaction to the American feeling about guns which, of course, play such a part in Western strips, didn't you?

Weare: I'm not in the least interested in firearms and it bores me when firearms enthusiasts talk to me about them, but I can draw them. You see very much of this male, macho hunting attitude over there. When an American man would ask me what I was doing out west, and when I'd answer, "Looking for wildflowers", this would be a *non*-conversation — finished! If I'd said "Hunting", that would have been an opening for a lot of talk. Everything that can be shot at (beer cans, what have you) is riddled with bullets. 'Gun Mentality' is a bad thing and I found that Americans were really uptight about this heritage of everyone being a gunman. It's a phony idea because you don't really need a gun to assert your manhood.

Mackenzie: I understand you've never been really comfortable with Matt Marriott as the name of a cowboy.

Weare: Before we started the strip, we submitted hundreds of names in an attempt to get the right one. Matt Marriott seemed to me to be more the name of a sailor rather than that of a cowboy, and the one I liked was Jeff Stryder. Eventually I submitted a drawing of Matt Marriott, based on what my own son, Shane, looked like as a young man, and this was the one they liked. My favorite character in the strip is 'Powder', and I drew him with an old Yorkshireman I knew in mind.

Mackenzie: And who writes the strip?

Weare: The first two stories were written by Reg Taylor, and then James Edgar took over the writing and has been at it ever since. I work from Jim's dialogue and I'm frequently speechless with admiration for his witty lines – and that's pretty good when you consider that we've been working together for over twenty years.

MATT MARRIOTT
by TONY WEARE
WILLIE! THAT DURN LITTLE FAKER UP TO HIS TRICKS AGIN! WELL, I'M GONNA STOP...
SHUT UP, POWDER! DRINK UP AND GO
18
RAINMAKER! WHY, THAT PUNK HATES WATER! HIS MAW HAD TO TIE HIM DOWN TO WASH HIM! I'M GONNA TELL THOSE PEOPLE JEST WHAT...
SIMMER DOWN, PARDNER
SALOON
YOU WANT TO START SOMETHIN' YOU CAIN'T FINISH? IF YOU SHOW WILLIE UP THEY MIGHT TEAR HIM TO PIECES. WE'LL FIND OUT WHAR HE'S STAYIN' AN' WAIT FOR HIM

A panel from a 'Matt Marriott' strip which was suggested by Tony Weare's near-tragic experience with his Volkswagen camper in the Colorado mountains.

Mackenzie: Do you two get together often?
Weare: Very seldom — but we have an agreement under which he will do one story with the scene indoors in Dodge City, for instance, in a saloon bar and then the next story will be laid in the wilds or in the mountains. You see I don't really like drawing the tables and chairs that are invariably involved in the first type of story.
Mackenzie: I know you object to the 'talking-head' syndrome, where, if you're not careful, you could just have two heads talking at each other for days.
Weare: This is one of the problems I love tackling — trying to see in how many ways I can break the sameness up and do different things.

Going back to the dialogue for a moment, sometimes I think perhaps that Matt is almost too perfect — I should like to have had him occasionally fire at someone and miss, or overlook the warning snap of a twig in the undergrowth. He's always unerringly right.
Mackenzie: Recently a little of Matt's love life has been appearing in the strip, and I think this brings him nearer to the readers and makes him all the more human. Now how about a little resume of your career?
Weare: Well, I was born in 1912 in Somerset, and came from a long line of west country clockmakers, but I had no talent in that direction. As I grew up, I felt a pull in two different directions — it was either the army or art school. I suppose we were more militarily-minded than young people are now and I thought the Grenadier Guards were splendid people! It seemed a little effeminate to me to spend all my time being an art student, so right in the middle of my art school training, I joined the regular army — The Royal Scots Greys. The army in those days was quite a rough place but the experience brought its rewards because it made me eternally fond of horses — we had 500 beautiful horses there — and that's why Matt Marriott rides a grey horse these days. Later on I inherited 100 pounds, and realizing that soldiering in peacetime was a deadend occupation, I bought my discharge for 35 pounds, and went back to drawing.

About the time the so-called 'phony war' period of World War II began, I went to work timber hauling, and this experience helped with my later drawing of the strip. This was probably one of the great years of my life, during which I was working heavy timber horses. It was wonderful being out in those wild Devon forests during the day, and at night doing my drawings — it was all so exhilarating that I scarcely slept!
Mackenzie: Were you able to keep a hand in with your drawing during the war?

Some of the results of Weare's flower sketching in the American West.

I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB, SON. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE DOLLARS WERE EARNED TO PUT YOU IN FANCY PANTS AND GIVE YOU THAT DUDE ACCENT. EVERY STITCH YOU CARRY ON YOUR BACK WAS...
...BORN OUT OF THE MUCK-SWEAT OF BETTER MEN THAN YOU'LL EVER BE. WELL, YOU'RE GONNA MEET 'EM, SON. YOU'RE GONNA STAND RIGHT BESIDE 'EM AND MATCH SWEAT FOR SWEAT, GRAFT FOR GRAFT!
HEAVE, YOU MISBEGOTTEN LUGS! HEAVE!
AND WHERE'S THIS PLACE YOU TALK ABOUT ?
OUT WEST IN KANSAS. GET YOUR BAG PACKED. WE'RE MOVING OFF AT SIX TONIGHT

Weare: Yes — I became a wireless operator, finished up as a sergeant in the artillery, and also did drawings to show how wireless sets worked, etc. Toward the end of the war, I got into army education and was teaching art.

Mackenzie: When you get the script from Jim Edgar, do you read the whole thing over first?

Weare: No — my method of work is to *not* know what's going to happen the next day in the story — this to my mind is essential because you come to the drawing of the strip each day with a fresh attitude. Let's say you finish today's strip with a drawing of a man sitting on his horse. Then the following day you begin work, eager to discover what the horseman is going to do next. Sometimes, of course, this procedure leads me into trouble — my not having read ahead in the story — and I may not have drawn him the day before with his revolver on, even though he's going to need it in today's action.

Mackenzie: Do you use the camera much as an aid in drawing?

Weare: Not much. And my own private boast has been that if I was suddenly dropped onto a desert island, given a pencil and paper, and told to draw the scene in Fleet Street on a Saturday night, I would be able to do it with no reference material. I think I could make a pretty convincing drawing. Or if I was told to draw (on that mythical island) a seven-year-old girl falling out of a balloon, I could make a passable attempt, with her hair streaming out, the drapery correct, etc. If I've achieved anything, this ability is the one thing I'd like to claim. As long as I've seen a thing, or a person, or a scene sufficiently often, I can re-create it.

Mackenzie: But of course you haven't actually seen the gunfights you picture in the strip — bodies falling to the ground and all.

Weare: No, but I've seen people making threatening gestures to others and the victims react the same, whether they're being threatened with a fist or a knife or a gun. There's a sort of rhythm established at once, and these are the things I'm aware of.

One final comment — if, let's say, you're drawing someone weeping, and if you're thinking 'weeping, weeping', as you draw, then these thoughts will somehow seep through your pencil and show up in what you're drawing. Sometimes someone in my family will see me laughing at my drawing board, and will ask, "What are you laughing about?" I generally have to reply, "I'm not, I'm *drawing* someone laughing.!"

Mackenzie: Thanks for talking at length about your career, Tony. ●

The VIRTUE of VERA VALIANT

by STAN LEE / FRANK SPRINGER

Frank Springer is the very versatile artist-cartoonist whose latest achievement is the drawing of the daily and Sunday VERA VALIANT strips, which are written by STAN LEE, of Marvel Comics fame, and distributed by THE LOS ANGELES TIMES SYNDICATE. Frank and his wife, Barbara, have five children—Barbara, Billy, Jennifer, Jonathan and Christopher and live in Greenlawn, New York, on Long Island. Their oldest daughter, Barbara is now a freshman at Duke University. Frank says he's never been introduced to golf or tennis, but by way of showing he's not at the board every moment, he has told your editor about his activities with a local amateur theatrical group. Last year they did "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying", and two years ago it was "Guys and Dolls". This spring they're doing "Annie Get Your Gun". Frank says he's had just a few lines, he has danced and sung in the chorus, and remarks that it's a whole different world—in some ways very much like cartooning. Frank's wife, Barbara, has been the producer of these shows. In 1974, Frank was chosen by The National Cartoonists Society as that year's 'Best Comic Book Artist' (working in the illustrative style). Incidentally, Frank designed the logo for the 'Vera Valiant' strip.

Q: I suppose the popularity of the 'Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman' type of TV soap opera started Stan Lee, of Marvel Comics, thinking along the lines of the 'Vera Valiant' comic strip. When did the feature start?

A: It began on October 11th, 1976 and I think Stan Lee came up with the idea the previous spring. It's a story strip with humor and Stan writes it of course.

Q: Would you give us an idea as to the type of continuity in the strip?

A: We started off with a potential suicide Vera Valiant's brother. Vera is an unmarried gal in her late 20's, living in Hackensack, New Jersey with this unmarried younger brother. He's a guy in his 20's, sort of a permanently-out-of-work fellow. In fact he's been out-of-work so long that nobody remembers just what kind of work he's out of! He's a ne'er-do-well, with lots of schemes and energy but nothing's ever shown on the plus side. This brother, Herbert, had his head in the oven, ready to kill himself, when they dragged him out. It seems he was flunking his correspondence course in podiatry, but they convinced him that he had lots to live for. At that moment Winthrop Smedley, Vera's boyfriend, shows up and also talks Herbert into continuing his studies since the world needs podiatrists. He points out that after all, his sister is working hard to pay for those lessons. Meanwhile we learn that Vera isn't free to marry Winthrop because he's already married. And on top of everything, he can't ask his wife for a divorce because she's had sleeping sickness for 14 years. It happened on their wedding night and it took him months to get his confidence back! If Winthrop's wife, Melba, wakes up, she might not give him a divorce, and if she stays asleep, they're still married. As you see, nobody can do anything right. Meantime, the continuity has rolled along. The podiatry problem was solved when it was discovered that the school was a fraud—it seems that Herbert had read the name of the correspondence school on a book of matches—and that the campus was actually a post office box number somewhere. And, to top it all off, he was stuck with dozens of books about feet! The main suggestion which Stan Lee gave me was to draw the strip very seriously—as though it might have been 'Mary Worth' or 'Juliet Jones', or one of those very serious soap opera strips—but to make the action a little bit exaggerated, similar to the technique used in silent movies. In other words, the gesturing by the characters could be exaggerated in the way the early film makers did things.

Q: Incidentally, Frank, Stan told me the other

by Stan Lee and Frank Springer

DR. FLORSHAM, WHEN WILL I BE ABLE TO GO HOME?
VERA, VERA-- WHERE HAVE I FAILED?
© 1976 Los Angeles Times
I'VE DONE ALL IN MY POWER TO MAKE YOU HAPPY HERE.
DON'T BLAME YOURSELF. MY DESTINY BECKONS. I MUST FOLLOW MY STAR.
STAN LEE FRANK SPRINGER 12-6
BUT NOT IN ANOTHER MAN'S ARMS!
WINTHROP!
NEXT: O, JEALOUS HEART!

day (to put it in his words) that you are an absolute joy to work with, that you're an excellent artist and that you contribute so much to the flavor of the strip that he's really enjoying your collaboration!

A: Well, I really appreciated those good wishes. Of course I've worked with him off and on for years—in fact I'm now inking "The Invaders" for Marvel, working with Frank Robbins who's doing the penciling. This is a monthly book which deals with some of Marvel's superheroes from years back—Capt. America, Sub-Mariner, The Human Torch etc. It takes place during World War II and we have a lot of fun doing planes and autos of that era, as well as other trivia of the period.

Q: You do everything, as far as the drawing of 'Vera Valiant' is concerned, except the lettering, don't you?

A: Yes. Gaspar Saladino, one of the top letterers, lives nearby so we can send stuff back and forth readily.

Q: It's well known that Stan Lee likes to outline a story to an artist, to let the man complete his drawings, and then to write the specific dialogue to fit the artist's pictures him self. Does he operate the same way on 'Vera'?

A: No—since we're close to deadline, Stan writes the actual dialogue first and sends it to me. We get together every few weeks, talk about what we're going to do next, kick around some ideas, etc. Then, as I'm doing the strip, things occur to me that we might go into, or areas that we had better steer clear of.

Q: You weren't too enthusiastic when Stan first called you about doing a story strip, were you?

A: No—I'd known that some of the story strips were having a hard time and I reallly tried to talk him out of the idea. I didn't want to give up a lot of work I was enjoying doing to be tied down to one feature with which I might become bored. But all these thoughts evaporated when he read me the first few weeks of the story. I thought it was hilarious and I was sure it would go!

Q. It's daily and Sunday, isn't it?

A: Right. And I might add, modestly, that it had a helluva list of papers right at the beginning.

Q: You began drawing very early in life, didn't you?

A: Yes,I did. It seems that some artists are quiet, some are flamboyant, etc., but one thing we all had in common was that we began to draw when we were about 3—the kind of kids who don't mind when it's raining because they can stay indoors and draw. I never drew too much in the 'big-foot' style as a kid—I grew up in the 30's in New York, was influenced by the early comic books, and by strips, and tried to do superhero stuff. My friends and I would think up costumed heroes—The Yellow This, The Green That—just for the heck of it. We got involved then with anatomy, etc., and I realized fairly early that this was what I wanted to do.

I graduated from Syracuse University, where I took a fine arts course which included painting, life drawing, etc. Incidentally, the school was going through a transition from giving an academic kind of training to modernistic type training, and I considered myself fortunate to get the last of the professors who specialized in the academic method. I finished there in 1952.

Q: You believe in getting some art training, don't you?

A: Well, it's like learning to touch-type before you become a writer. It's terrible to go through but once you learn it, it's so much easier to write. Everything in drawing is cubes and rectangles, cones and cylinders, and when you've learned what happens when you throw lights from various directions on these objects you've got a good basis to start with. Of course we had courses such as English, science, psychology, etc., along with our drawing at Syracuse. To go back for just a minute, my high school English teacher and her husband knew the Milton Caniffs so I was fortunate enough to get the chance to go up to New City on several occasions. Milt, Hal Foster and Alex Raymond were my big influences before I went to Syracuse. My senior thesis was on newspaper art and of course this gave me a good excuse to see Milt—and also Noel Sickles.

Q: You got a chance to continue drawing in the army, didn't you?

A: Yes, I was drafted into the infantry, spent my time at Ft. Dix, and after basic training, I found a niche at the post newspaper, doing sports cartoons and some ads for the army education program. I was in a little studio stuck off in a corner of some education building, doing cartooning and illustration. I learned to letter there, and for the first time I had to turn stuff out for a particular purpose. Somehow you don't think it's for real in school. During the 2 years in the army, I did my first published work.

I did some freelancing for a while after I got

Photo by Jim Ruth

Frank Springer

HERBERT! YOU CAN'T GO OUT THERE! IF THOSE MEN IN THE BLACK CAR HAVE A GUN--!
I MUST, VERA! IT'S MY ONE CHANCE--TO DO SOMETHING MEANINGFUL!
STAN LEE FRANK GIACOIA 12-31
YOU'VE SUPPORTED ME FOR YEARS, SIS, AND NOW I CAN PAY YOU BACK-- WITH THE CHEAPEST COIN OF ALL--
--MY WORTHLESS LIFE!
NO!
© 1977 Los Angeles Times
WINTHROP! DON'T LET HIM SACRIFICE HIMSELF! STOP HIM!
HIS MIND IS MADE UP, MY DEAREST.
WELL, AT LEAST YOU COULD TRY!
NEXT: THE DREADFUL DENOUEMENT!

Occasionally Frank uses Polaroid shots to help with tough poses. The results of this one are shown in Panel 1 of the daily 'Vera Valiant' strip for December 31st. Frank and his daughter, Barbara are shown here.

Here Frank, and his son Billy pose for the drawing which wound up in Panel 4 of the Sunday 'Vera Valiant' page for January 9.

The VIRTUE of VERA VALIANT
by STAN LEE! FRANK GIACOIA!
I--I FEEL SO FOOLISH!
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE SOME SORT OF CRIMINALS!
AND YOU'RE ACTUALLY TV EXECUTIVES!
SO WE WEREN'T FAR WRONG!
VERA, AS HEAD OF THE UNITED BROADCASTING COMPANY, I WANT TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER!
YES, MR. MARTIN?
HOLD IT! WE CAN DISCUSS BUSINESS WITHOUT PHYSICAL CONTACT!
WINTHROP!
© 1977 Los Angeles Times
FORGIVE HIM, MR. MARTIN. IT'S JUST ANOTHER OF WINTHROP'S JEALOUS RAGES.
YOU MAY BE MR. BIG IN TV, BUT I HAPPEN TO BE A CPA MYSELF!
WELBY, TELL THIS NOBODY THAT I'VE DESTROYED BIGGER MEN WITH A SHRUG!
MARTIN C. MARTIN HAS DESTROYED BIGGER MEN WITH A SHRUG!
I HEARD HIM. I HEARD HIM.
LISTEN--BOTH OF YOU! I WON'T BE A PAWN ON YOUR MALE EGO CHESSBOARD!
BEAUTIFUL! JOT THAT DOWN, WELBY! WE'LL USE IT IN "LOVE OF STRIFE"!
STAN LEE FRANK GIACOIA 1-9
VERA, WAIT TILL YOU HEAR THE PLANS I'VE MADE FOR YOU!
HOW DO YOU-- MEAN THAT?
NEXT: ONE HEART MUST BREAK!

Vera's brother, Herbert, receives the terrible news that the correspondence course in podiatry is a fraud!

A pose for a drawing which called for somebody climbing up a fire-escape.

A 'despair' pose.

This girl is Frank's model for 'Vera'—she's tall, slim and can raise her eyebrows very high according to Springer.

WINTHROP, DEAREST, I'VE MISSED YOU SO.
NO, VERA. WE MUSTN'T, MY DARLING.
WHY? WHAT'S WRONG?
HOW CAN I EMBRACE YOU, KNOWING WHO'S IN THE NEXT ROOM?
STAN LEE — FRANK SPRINGER 12/11
THE NEXT ROOM? YOU--YOU MEAN--
YES! IT'S MELBA-- MY WIFE!
© 1976 Los Angeles Times
NEXT: TOO LATE FOR TEARS!

out of the army—in advertising and illustration—but the following year I got a job with George Wunder on the 'Terry Strip'. I was with George for 5 years and wound up doing quite a bit of the inking. George is a helluva guy, and a great professional, and when I left it was just that I wanted to do something on my own. It's always valuable to watch a pro grind out stuff. Incidentally, I got that job in the same way I've always seemed to get them somebody for whom I've done freelance work on some occasion, knows somebody who's heard that so-and-so needs help, and the word is passed along to me. When I went out after a particular job myself, it never seemed to turn out as well.

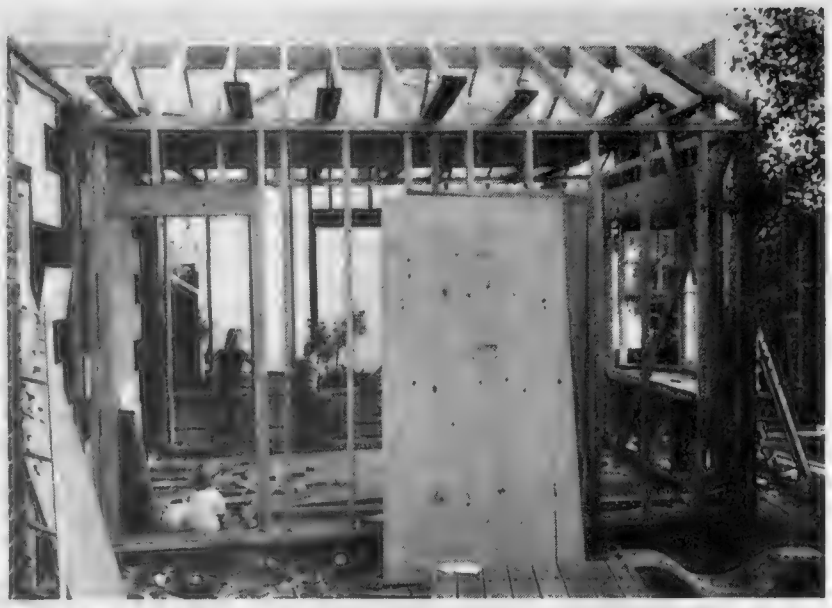
Q: In the years since then, you've done a great variety of art work. Would you say something about the various areas in which you were involved?

A: Well, I did comic books for several publishers and had the most fun doing work for Marvel and Stan Lee. I never thought of comic books as something I'd do permanently all my life. The idea of taking a blank sheet of paper, and designing a page—the buildings here and the figures there, with all those high angles and low angles and blowups and everything else you can do in comic books—is fun, but I've never been particularly fast and that's essential in comic books. Either I was turning out so much that I couldn't make it look the way I thought it ought to look, or I wasn't doing anything. I've always tried to expand the number of things I could do—some of this and some of that. I did Capt. Marvel, Sgt. Fury, Fantastic Four for Marvel and I enjoyed them. The stories were sort of a tongue-in-cheek thing with Stan and not too serious. Some comic book houses seem to treat their stories too seriously for me. In addition to the superhero stuff, I also did some historical adaptation comic books.

Another area I got into was sports cartoons. Funny thing—when I was growing up, the leading pole-vaulter of the day was our hero. We got lots of books on the subject and chipped in and bought ourselves a bamboo pole. If

Springer's 'Phoebe Zeit-Geist cover.

Some shots of Frank's electrically-heated studio, attached to his garage. The shell was put up in two days, and he finished the interior himself later. It was started in August of 1971.



The family dog, Gypsy, outside the Springer studio—January 1977.

you went in for a different sport like this, you could be a little bit higher-rated than if you went in for baseball or something like that. Anyhow, sports cartooning ties in, too, with superhero stuff—bodies in action and all that. After I left George Wunder, and was doing some freelancing, things weren't going too well but I had a lot of sports cartoons in my portfolio. At that point somebody said that I ought to show them to Willard Mullin. He picked me up so much, and did so much for my mental attitude, that I began doing occasional sports cartoons for the N.Y. Daily News.

I also did program covers which were used at various baseball, football and track events. The firm I did these drawings for syndicated the covers around the country so that on a particular day, my cover might have appeared on the football program at Ohio State, and also on the Southern Cal. program, and others, with just the different names having been dropped in.

Q: I recall that you also drew the 'Phoebe Zeit-Geist' strip which was produced by Grove Press, around the time when you were also doing adventure and superhero comic books.

A: Yes—I illustrated the stories which were written by Michael O'Donoghue, and which appeared over a period of about 3 1/2 years in the Evergreen Review. Eventually Grove put out a hardcover collection of all the episodes and, a year later, a soft-cover version.

Q: You spent several years assisting Leonard Starr on his 'On Stage' strip.

A: Yes, Leonard would send me the strips with the figures finished—penciled and inked with the balloons in, and I'd add the backgrounds. When he started a new adventure, he would indicate the setting to me, the kind of interiors, etc., that would be called for. Once we got into the story, no further notes seemed to be needed.

Q: I recall that for several years you did a once-a-week editorial cartoon for the N.Y. Daily News—filling in on a day when the regular News cartoonist, Warren King, was off.

A: That's right. You can include a couple of samples of those with this conversation, if you want to.

Q: We'll also include a couple of pages from the period when you were doing work for The National Lampoon—The 'Tarzan of the Cows' story. They show him swinging along the telephone wires in Kenosha, Wisconsin. As I recall, the story was written by Michael O'Donoghue.

You use one of those Art-O-Graph projectors with which you can project the image, let's say, of a tremendously detailed locomotive onto your drawing paper in any size you wish, don't you?

A: Yes, and it's a great time-saver. Funny thing—on the day I went into New York to get it, I was also going to make a stop at an ad agency which wanted me to do a drawing of a toothpaste box - something I really needed a projector for. Well, I picked up the projector, which cost something like $550. went to the agency, got the assignment and went home. With the aid of the projector, which arrived the next day, I made the required drawing and got, I believe, $625 for the job—so I paid for the projector right-off-the-bat! One thing though—I ought to mention to your readers who haven't used one that unless the person whose photo you put in the projector is about 6 foot - 6 inches in height, he'll look like a dwarf. We're used to seeing figures in illustrations which are many more heads high than your average man on the street. So, if

One of Frank's editorial cartoons for The N.Y. News.

THE COMMUTER BE DAMNED!

VERA! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE HOME!
AUNT GLADYS! WHAT'S WRONG?
STAN LEE FRANK SPRINGER

IT'S YOUR BROTHER! HE...HE SOUNDED SUICIDAL! HE SAID HE HAS NO MONEY, NO JOB, NO GIRL...
© 1976 Los Angeles Times 10-11

HERBERT! DON'T! YOU'VE TOO MUCH TO LIVE FOR!
NEXT: BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!

HERBERT! SPEAK TO ME!
DOCTOR...IT'S GLADYS! VERA'S BROTHER TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF!
STAN LEE FRANK SPRINGER
10-12 © 1976 Los Angeles Times

HURRY! HE'S HOVERING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!

HE...DOESN'T MAKE HOUSE CALLS.
NEXT: THE FATAL QUESTION!

VERA...
AUNT GLADYS! HE... HE'S ALIVE!!
STAN LEE FRANK SPRINGER
10-13 © 1976 Los Angeles Times

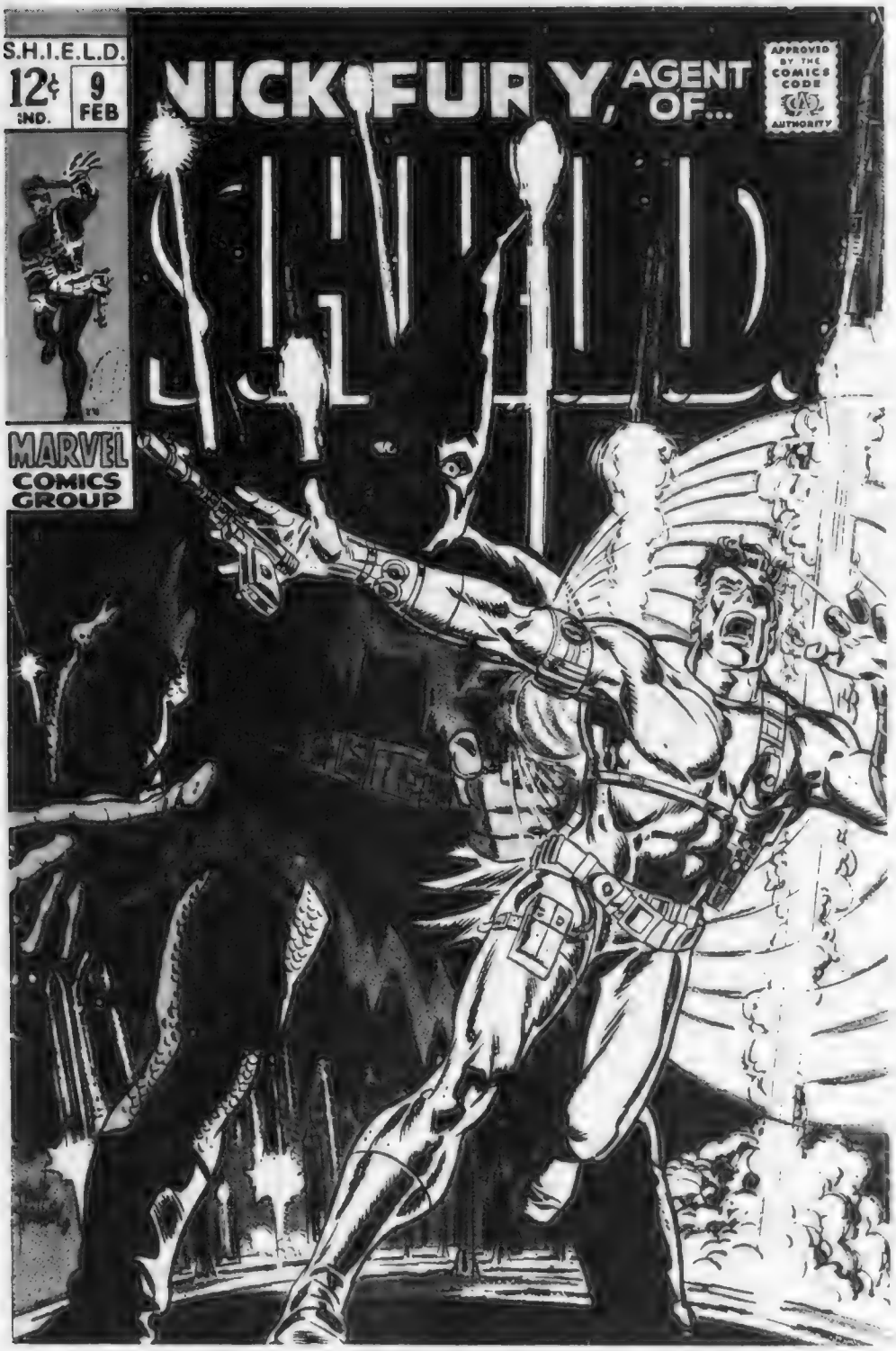
L-LEAVE IT TO ME... TO BOTCH UP MY OWN SUICIDE!
YOU ALWAYS WERE A CLUMSY DICKENS!

TELL ME, HERBERT...WHAT... WHAT MADE YOU DO IT?
YOU MEAN... YOU DON'T KNOW?
NEXT: VERA LEARNS THE TRUTH!

I...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU, SIS! I...I'M FAILING IN SCHOOL!
OH, HERBERT, NO!
© 1976 Los Angeles Times

AFTER ALL THE MONEY IT'S COST!
THOSE ENDLESS MAIL ORDER LESSONS! THE POSTMAN EVERY DAY!
STAN LEE FRANK SPRINGER
10-14

MAYBE...I'M JUST NOT CUT OUT... TO BE A PODIATRIST!!
NEXT: A SISTER'S TEARS!



A Springer comic book cover for Marvel Comics.

you're going to draw the head the same size you project it, then you have to lengthen the body, and usually shrink the feet and enlarge the hands, etc. So it requires some interpretation.

By the way, this is an opaque projector—that is it projects onto the sheet you're using rather than *up through* the paper. With the latter type of machine, you have to work either on tracing paper, or on paper that's thin enough so that you can see the object in question when it's projected up through the paper. This involves a lot of extra trouble.

Q: Would you say something about your preferences, as far as art materials go.

A: For pen and ink drawings, I like to work on the smooth side of 3-ply Strathmore paper. I like lead-holders, rather than pencils—having decided years ago that I was spending too much time whittling away on wooden pencils. I use various degrees of lead, depending on the weather—on a very humid day you have to move down to an H or an HB, and on a dry day you'd move up to 3H, or maybe 4 or 5H. On a humid day, the Strathmore absorbs moisture, so if you used a 5H in that kind of weather, it would just dig a trench and it would be like writing on soggy Kleenex with a diamond stylus! On the other hand, in winter time, when you're working in a heated studio where the humidity is down to about 2%, then your paper is hard as a rock and dry, and you can go up to a 5H.

I use a #4 Winsor & Newton brush, and a Gillott #290 pen for face and hands, or for the entire drawing if it is going to be in pen and ink. I'm more comfortable with a brush but one reason I may use a pen is to get away from too much of a comic book look—the pen seems to give a more 'arty' effect. And in some sports work, I've used a pencil for the finished drawing—using various degrees to get the effect I wanted. In those cases I go to the regular Venus sketching pencils—going from a 6B for the really deep shadows up to 2H for light stuff.

Q: You do some TV storyboards too, don't you?

A: Yes, these are done for ad agencies, and they show what a potential live-action TV commercial will look like. Instead of going out and filming a commercial costing several hundred thousand dollars, the agencies show a potential client storyboards indicating different ways the commercial might be handled. And they actually put these boards on film, and using some jump-action techniques, they can make them move slightly to add to the effect. These are generally straight-line illustrations colored with magic markers.

I've also done pencil illustrations showing the action in upcoming movies. Perhaps the movies were half-finished and the producers wanted to show somebody what the completed film was going to look like—I'm not sure about exactly how these sketches were going to be used. I worked from slick photos in doing them.

Q: Thanks for talking about the amazing variety of cartoon and illustration work you've done during your career!

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Walt Disney at about the time 'Snow White' was in production.

WHEN WALT DISNEY TOOK ANOTHER GIANT STEP!

'Snow White' was produced here at the Walt Disney Studio, when it was located on Hyperion Boulevard in Hollywood.

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Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

Here's another in our series of reminiscent animation articles by former Disney artist, and New Yorker cartoonist, I. KLEIN.

BY I. KLEIN

At the time I joined the Walt Disney Studio's animation staff I was completely unaware that a feature cartoon, "SNOW WHITE" was in the early stages of production at this studio. I had been in Hollywood for about fourteen months animating at Columbia Pictures' "Screen Gems" before I was engaged by Walt Disney. My wife Ann and I saw a lot of two top Disney men, Ted Sears and Bill Tytla. They were frequent guests at our home. They never said a word to indicate that the studio was producing or working on any other films beyond "Mickey Mouse" and "Silly Symphonies".

Even Walt Disney with whom I spent almost an hour at the time he engaged me to work on his staff, did not let-on that a major cartoon production was in progress. So it followed that I had many interesting surprises coming my way. This was in the Spring of 1936.

When I reported at the studio on that Spring morning, I filled out some forms of vital statistics. I was then moved on to the room of the director who would start me going. Wilfred Jackson was his name. My first assignment was some sequences of animation on "TOBEY TORTOISE RETURNS", a Silly Symphony. But he did not just hand the material to me with a brief . . "Here it is, now you're on your own." No. First he chatted, asked friendly questions . . . a sort of get-acquainted thing. Then he went into considerable details on the scenes and the timing of the "exposure sheets". Never a mention of "Snow White" at this session.

Next, I was escorted by a young fellow from the office, to my own animation room. This room, Jackson remarked, was in the same corridor and next to Ward Kimball, the up-and-coming young genius of the studio.

My room had three animation desks with long shelves for blank paper and for sheets on which animation drawings had already been made. One desk was for myself. The other two were for my assistants when the time came for the need of their services. There was a window rather high up on the wall well above my desk so that the daylight would not dim the light coming through my animation-board glass. Outside sounds drifted in through the window. I could hear a song repeated over and over again . . . the words were something about "Some day my Prince will come."

While I was organizing my assignment, the fellow who had shown me my room returned

I. Klein and his family in Hollywood at the time of this story. L. to R. wife Ann, Doris, I. Klein, and Barbara.

with animation paper and other supplies. Again the "Some day my Prince . . . song drifted in. The young man asked if there was anything else I needed. I looked at the material, answered: "No, it looks like everything is there . . . but what's that song I'm hearing?" He answered: "Don't you know? . . . That's the theme song from "Snow White".

"Snow White . . . Is Walt making a cartoon about Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs with Minnie Mouse as Snow White and Mickey as the Prince?" I asked in all seriousness. But the boy laughed as if I had just told a joke. Then: "If you need anything else, sir", pointing at the phone, "Just call." At any rate, this was the first hint I had of the Snow White production.

Later that morning Bill Tytla phoned, asking me to come over to his room. He gave directions as to what corridors to follow to reach him. I went immediately. On his door was a large card with the word "T-BONE" in bold black,hand-printed letters. Tytla opened at that moment. I asked: "What's this 'T-BONE?" He laughed and explained . . . One day he was eating in a restaurant with some of the guys from the studio. He had ordered a steak. It was not to his satisfaction. He complained: "The steaks I get in Hollywood are tasteless. I miss those juicy T-Bone steaks in New York." After this, some of the boys called him "T-Bone". He laughed and liked that—even encouraged it.

Inside his room, Bill (Vladimir) Tytla inserted a small reel of film into his moviola machine. "This is a pencil test of some animation I'm working on. It's on negative film . . . you know . . . white lines against a black field." He asked me to sit down and watch the small viewing field as he turned on the switch. There appeared the best animation I had ever seen. "These are Snow White's dwarfs, you know, this is for the big full length feature cartoon we're working on . . . Snow White,"Tytla explained. There were refinements of action, movements of fingers expressing befuddlement . . . facial expressions of "live" reality. Smooth body movements much more real than the best animation I had seen up to that time.

Now, for the first time I knew that this studio was engaged in Walt Disney's most ambitious project. "Bill, I've seen you very often since Ann and I came to Hollywood. Why didn't you tell me about this amazing production. You didn't ever give me a hint." His answer: "You know I never talk shop outside the studio."

After this, within a short while I became aware that the "Snow White" animators were working with more than model sheets which showed the characters in a number of poses. Never was such an ambitious cartoon feature ever made and even the best of animators at that time lacked the knowledge and experience of the sort to carry the load. Their previous know-how needed much visual help. Such help was imperative.

During the next few days in the course of exploring around, also being shown around, I met some of the fellows I had worked with in the past and was introduced to others who

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Marjorie Bell who modeled for the animation of Snow White. She's shown here modeling for The Blue Fairy in 'Pinocchio'.

were new to me. While crossing the lot I encountered several real dwarfs of the size and shape of Snow White's "pencil test" dwarfs. They were not in ancient costumes, just ordinary street clothes. They waved "Hello" to me. I then recalled having seen two or three of them on the street near where I lived about a mile from the studio. That same evening I met one of the dwarfs near our house. He recognized me from the afternoon. "Hello friend, you are one of Mr. Disney's artists . . . I work for Mr. Disney too. I am an actor . . . they take movies of me . . . lots of movies . . . good bye friend."

All this happened as I said in the Spring of 1936. About three years earlier, I received a letter from Ted Sears, prime Disney story man at that time. He wrote that Walt Disney would be interested in seeing story material from me. (Ted Sears and I were friends from the "silent" movie days when we both worked for "The Mutt and Jeff" studio). In response to this request I sent a story-board adaptation of an old fable. The characters were all human, not animals or bugs. I received a quick response saying that Disney was pleased and was considering it for production.

At that time another old fable was being animated at the studio, "The Pied Piper". The characters in this cartoon were all humans too. This cartoon short was released to the motion picture theaters September 16, 1933. It was a failure . . . a jolt to the smooth escalation of Disney successes. A short time after this I received a letter from Ted Sears: ". . . Walt (Disney) liked the way that story you worked up was presented . . . having just completed 'The Pied Piper', we have come to the conclu-

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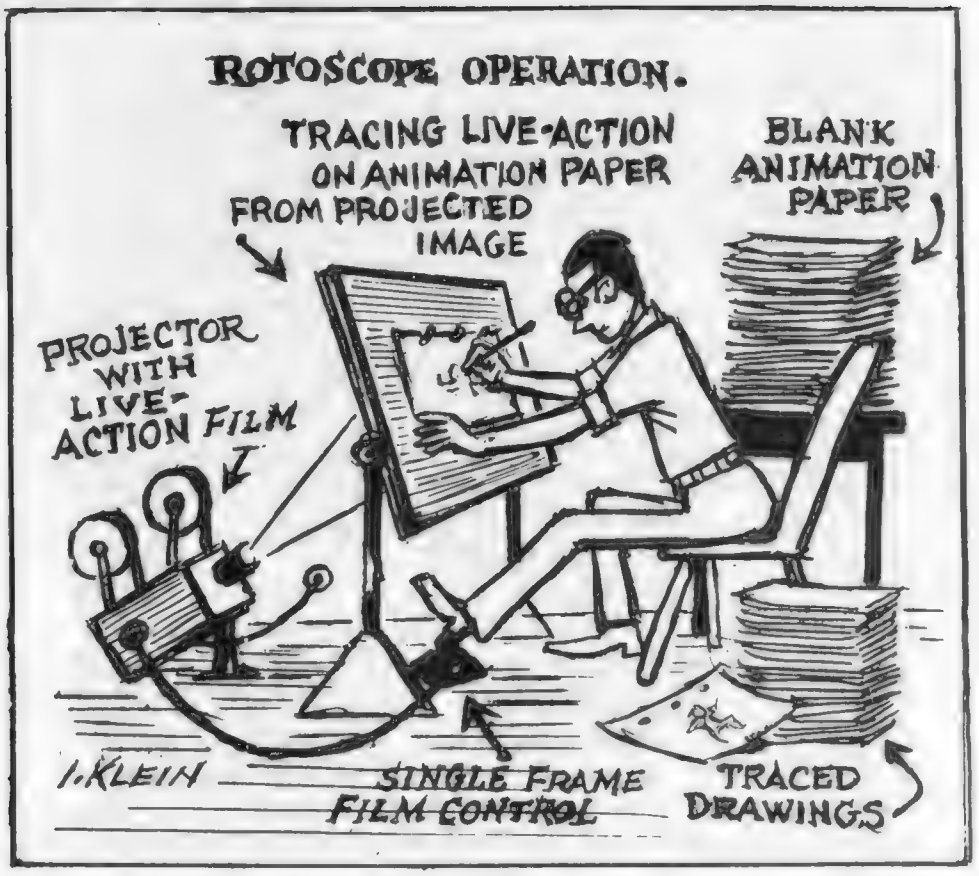


An I. Klein drawing of the Rotoscope operation he describes in this story.

sion that our best screen values are in small cute animal characters, we haven't advanced far enough to handle humans properly and make them perform well enough to compete with real actors. . . . " This letter was dated November 1933. It seemed to indicate the limitations and the long range direction for the studio's production.

Two and a half years later when I arrived to work at the Disney Studio, as I have related above, I became aware that while they were still producing animal-character cartoons Disney was embarked on a large scale operation of a feature cartoon production using cartoons of real people to compete with live actor motion pictures. While still having one foot on his humanized animals ("Mickey Mouse", "Tobey Tortoise Returns" and such), Walt Disney was reaching out with his other foot to take another giant step. His first big step which brought him into prominence was the release of "Steamboat Willie" in July of 1928. This made animated cartoon history. He reached a second plateau with the release of "The Three Little Pigs" on May 27th 1933. In the period between these two sensational films, the Disney Studio produced one hundred and ten shorts, seventy six of them featuring Mickey Mouse. The others were in "The Silly Symphony" category.

It must have become evident to Disney after his experience with animating real people cartoon characters, as in "The Pied Piper", that to do real people cartoons, the production must be done with the help of new tools. (I might have guessed that there was something in the wind when I received another letter from Ted Sears dated May 14, 1934 in which he wrote that ". . . Walt asked me to get in touch with you regarding that story, we may make it in the future . . . Walt appreciates your sketches and suggestions you sent and wants to pay you for your time and interest . . . ".)

After encountering the real dwarfs at the studio, finding that they were being "shot" for the purpose of visual action guides for the animators, I soon found that other actors were being put on film for the same reason. The films were analyzed on moviolas. Blown-up sequences were made to study and to be followed. Other actions were rotoscoped. To rotoscope, is to make tracings frame by frame from the film of the actor's actions, to be used directly or indirectly by the animators. All this was going on when I joined the Disney animation staff. There were also vaious art classes conducted and particularly "action and analysis" seminars to study live action from films. (To understand the mechanics of motion). These classes were for all animators on the feature and for those who worked on the "shorts". I believe the assistant animators also attended these sessions.

A creative structure was being built . . . an analytical, educational and artistically functional "belt line" for producing animated cartoon films to compete with live action films and to go beyond the limitations of human actors. Whether Walt Disney himself created the blue print, I don't know. I am inclined to believe he was the master mind.

There had been another Disney cartoon with human characters which, like "The Pied Piper" was also a flop. That was "The Golden Touch", the fable of King Midas, released March 22nd 1935. Both were the subject of a small spat between Walt Disney and Wilfred Jackson. This occurred in the "beanery" across from the studio on Hyperion Boulevard where many of the staff ate lunch. At a corner table a group of the animators, not always the same ones, would eat and have a bull-session. Walt was often there. When there, Walt would usually get some small subject rolling. One day, besides Walt and other regulars, Wilfred Jackson was with us. In the middle of some light conversation, Disney made some ribbing remarks concerning Jackson's directing of "The Pied Piper" and he talked about the cartoon's failure, implying the fault as Jackson's. Jackson retorted in a gentle voice: "Don't forget, Walt, you personally directed 'The Golden Touch' ". Walt made no counter retort. He just frowned slightly.

"Snow White" was the Giant Step Walt Disney expected it to be. It was a daring gamble. Disney was not only vindicated as far as his intuition and judgment were concerned, but he had also established a creative structure for continued production of major cartoon features.

It is interesting to note that the pre-Disney animated cartoon shorts, produced in the formative and pioneer period before 1920, had characters that were not cute little animals, but humans . . . "The Katzenjammer Kids", "Colonel Heeza Liar", "Mutt and Jeff" and "Happy Hooligan". I don't think there was any thought there on the part of the producers, of making animated cartoons to compete with live actor movies. Seeing cartoon drawings "alive" on the screens of the movie theaters was amazing and highly entertaining . . . at that time.

COMIC COMMAND PERFORMANCE No. 6

Here is the 6th installment of this CARTOONIST PROfiles series in which MAD Associate Editor, Jerry De Fuccio, arranges with noted artists for present-day re-creations of golden age comic book stories. Following Jerry's introductory comments below, are some interesting reactions to this particular project from the famous C.C. Beck, who re-creates here the 'Daredevil-Claw' feature originally drawn by the much-admired Jack Cole. We've also included a thought or two from Playboy's Hugh Hefner about Jack.

Here is the cover of the comic book in which Jack Cole's story first appeared.

First, some comments from Jerry:

I was captivated by the work of Jack Cole since his earliest cartoons appeared in *Boy's Life* in the mid-thirties and subsequently recognized his style when he started doing filler pages for comic books in 1938. His funny stuff, *Peewee Throttle, King Kole's Kourt, Hi Grass Twins,* all jauntily simple, gave way to dynamic, all-over-the-page characters. The ones he stuck with the longest were Silver Streak, Daredevil, Claw, Midnight, and, of course, Plastic Man.

C.C. Beck has joined me in this re-creation of a Daredevil-Claw story, from Silver Streak Comics No. 7, originally drawn by Jack Cole in 1940. This story reflects many of the fears, misgivings and prejudices of that day. Cole employs every gimmick and prop, culled from the pulps, dramatic radio and movie serials. European war clouds rain upon his hero's peaceful, pastoral picnic. There's even some high-flown, naive oratory about a peace to start all peaces. And you can play "spot the traitor" as one of the enraged mastermind's underlings tries to sneak out of the throneroom.

It wasn't Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper or Mark Twain, but in the schoolyard we sensed that Jack Cole knew how to tell a story.

The following comments are by C.C. Beck:

When I was commissioned to redraw "Daredevil" I was at first reluctant to put my hand to the job. There were some very fine things in Cole's original story — and some things that were, frankly, not so hot. I did not admire the story at all, as it seemed to me to be typical Golden Age super-action nonsense.

In many panels Cole's drawing was quite bad. In those days we were all rushed to death and horribly underpaid, and many of my own drawings of the early Captain Marvel were awful. But Cole, I could see, was a superb illustrator and layout man, which meant that no matter how poorly he drew now and then he always told his story wonderfully well, even though it was a rather poor story.

Cole did an absolutely tremendous story-telling job with his Daredevil pages. He picked exactly the right moment to be illustrated in each panel; he simplified things; he made one lone figure in a tugboat represent "seven million wide-eyed souls" in his great panel where The Claw looms over Manhattan roaring "DEATH TO AMERICA!" Any artist who can do that is my kind of artist.

So I tackled the job, and had a great time. But I couldn't bring myself to reproduce Cole's sometimes really poor drawing, as in the third panel of the same page where The Claw appears over Manhattan. I have made an exact tracing of Cole's Tonia and Bart for comparison with my version. I'm sure Cole would approve.

Very many panels were beautifully drawn, and these I traced and inked as neatly as I could. But, alas, I am not the technician Cole was and I couldn't reproduce all his delicate shading and fine brushwork. My own work is clumsy by comparison.

So there you have it. Some panels are better drawn than in the original, some are not. But each panel is just as Cole originally conceived it — simple, clear, and superbly designed.

C.C. Beck
Miami, Florida
October 14, 1976

And a further comment from Hugh Hefner:

Jack was the first of the truly great cartoonists to emerge in the pages of Playboy — followed by Silverstein, Feiffer, Dempsey, Sokol, Gahan Wilson, and so many others — and in creation of the comic book Superhero parody "Plastic Man", followed by the wonderfully sophisticated line, wash and lush full-color cartoons that he produced for Playboy from the earliest issues up until the time of his death, he has clearly established a major place for himself in the history of American cartooning.

Photo courtesy of Richard Cole

The late Jack Cole at work in his home studio, 1938.

C.C. BECK

Here, C.C. Beck has made an exact tracing of Jack Cole's Tonia and Bart for comparison with the Beck version.

JERRY DE FUCCIO

Part 1

RE-CREATED ESPECIALLY FOR THE DE FUCCIO COLLECTION AND CARTOONIST PROFILES
1976, BY CHARLES CLARENCE BECK

PRESENTING: THE CLAW

THE MASTER OF CRIME SPINS A WEB OF DESTRUCTION ABOUT NEW YORK SO HORRIBLE, SO GHASTLY THAT ALL BOW TO HIS WILL!

BUT—

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE MONSTER OF CRIME CLASHES IN A SUPERHUMAN STRUGGLE WITH THE WORLD'S MOST DARING MAN OF ACTION?— A MAN KNOWN TO ALL WHO FEAR AND RESPECT HIM AS

THE DAREDEVIL!

by Jack Cole

THIS WORLD IS A PLACE OF CONTRAST — WAR IN ALL ITS UNHOLY FURY SLITHERS THROUGH EUROPE, LEAVING AN EVER WIDENING TRAIL OF BLOOD AND HUMAN SUFFERING ——

WARNING!!
YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ ONE OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING TALES EVER PORTRAYED IN A COMIC MAGAZINE! IF YOU HAVE A WEAK HEART, WE ADVISE YOU **NOT** TO VENTURE FURTHER!
The Editors

WHILE IN AMERICA, PEACE STILL REIGNS.— MEN WORK AT THE SOIL, NOT THE SWORD AND PEOPLE ARE HAPPY AND THANKFUL FOR THIS GREAT LAND OF FREEDOM!

TWO OF THE MOST GRATEFUL PERSONS ALIVE:- BART HILL AND TONIA SAUNDERS

ISN'T THIS LOVELY, BART? IT ALMOST MAKES ME FEEL GUILTY WHEN I REALIZE WHAT THOSE POOR SOULS IN EUROPE ARE GOING THROUGH!

UMMM!

WHEN I WAS A KID, I REMEMBER HOW, WHILE DRINKING AN ICE CREAM SODA, I USED TO PINCH THE STRAW TO MAKE IT LAST LONGER ——

PEACE IS LIKE THAT!— WE HANG ONTO IT AS LONG AS POSSIBLE—AND WHEN IT'S GONE WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT TO REGAIN IT!

ODD, HOW ONE MUST FIGHT FOR PEACE!

BUT IT'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR, TONIA!

COMING FROM A MONEY-SPOILED WASTREL, THAT IS SOMETHING!

OUCH!

I'M SORRY, BART, BUT IT HURTS ME TO SEE YOU DRIFTING CARELESSLY THROUGH LIFE LIKE THIS! IF—IF ONLY YOU'D GET SOME STARCH IN YOUR BACKBONE—DO SOMETHING WORTH WHILE!

IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU BETTER I COULD ALMOST INTERPRET THAT AS MEANING YOU ACTUALLY CARED FOR THIS NE'ER-DO-WELL!

YOU COULD AND YOU SHOULD, FOR I DO, YOU DOPE!

TONIA, I—

NO, SHE MUST NEVER LEARN THE IDENTITY OF THE DAREDEVIL!

WELL??

OOO

WE LL LLLLLL?

SUDDENLY THUNDER—

OH!

THEN RAIN!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU?—JUST WHEN THINGS ARE GOING PRETTY, ALONG COMES TROUBLE!—IT HAPPENS EVERY TIME!!

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, BART—IT'S FRIGHTENING! OH, OUR LUNCH!

AS BART AND TONIA DISAPPEAR FROM VIEW, WE PONDER HIS JESTING PROPHECY:—

IS THE CLOUD-BURST AN ILL OMEN OF COMING DISASTER TO A NOW PEACEFUL AMERICA?

"JUST WHEN THINGS ARE GOING PRETTY—"

?

OUR SCENE SHIFTS FROM AMERICA, HALFWAY AROUND THE GLOBE TO TIBET, LAND OF STRANGE RELIGIONS AND MYSTERIOUS CUSTOMS

RUSSIA
TIBET
CHINA
INDIA

HIGH ON THE PINNACLE OF A MOUNTAIN, FAR REMOVED FROM PRYING EYES, IS POISED THE SKULL-LIKE CASTLE OF THE CLAW!!

IT IS EVENING.-THE RISING MOON RAYS FLOW INTO THE INNER CHAMBER OF THE GOD OF HATE!

AS THE MOONBEAM TOUCHES THE EVIL EYE, A TONGUE OF FLAME POURS FORTH, HERALDING THE DAWN OF ANOTHER DAY— FOR THE CLAW IS A NOCTURNAL CREATURE AND LIVES ONLY BY NIGHT!

NATIVES DANCE MADLY AS THEIR HATE GOD SINKS FROM VIEW INTO A PIT OF FIRE!— EVERY MUSCLE STRAINS IN THIS DANCE TO THE CLAW!!

FASTER DANCE THE NATIVES! A VOICE RINGS OUT!

ALL HAIL THE CLAW!

A MAMMOTH GONG RESPONDS TO SLEDGE-HAMMER BLOWS

THE CRY IS TAKEN UP BY ALL, AND THE CEREMONY CLIMBS TO FRENZIED HEIGHTS AS DEVIL DANCERS JOIN THE PROCESSION!

BONG! BONG! BONG!

THEN, SLOWLY RISING FROM THE FIERY PIT—

THE CLAW!

SILENCE!

WE HAVE AMONG US A TRAITOR!

?

?

YOU, SIN-LEE, WOULD BETRAY THE CLAW!

NO, MASTER, NO!

DIE, SWINE!

OHH"""""

MAY THIS POOR WRETCH'S FATE CEMENT YOUR FIDELITY AND ERASE FROM YOUR MINDS ALL IDEAS OF TREASON, FOR THE TASK I AM ABOUT TO COMMAND REQUIRES THE UTMOST SECRECY!!

WHILE EUROPE BOILS OVER WITH WAR, AMERICA HAS BEEN STUPID ENOUGH TO THINK ITSELF SAFE FROM INVASION! IT IS THE MOST UNFORTIFIED COUNTRY IN THE WORLD! IT IS RIPE FOR ATTACK!

YES, ATTACK!! WE, THE FORCES OF THE CLAW, ARE BETTER EQUIPPED FOR WAR THAN WAS HITLER! - BUT WE MUST STRIKE QUICKLY - AS AMERICA IS BEGINNING TO ARM AND SOON SHE WILL NOT BE SO EASILY OVERCOME! THE TASK SET BEFORE YOU MUST BE ACCOMPLISHED IN SIX MONTHS OR ALL OUR EFFORTS WILL BE IN VAIN! NOW GO! EVERY MAN TO HIS POSITION!

DOWN A LONG SHAFT INTO THE HEART OF THE EARTH GO THE CLAW'S SLAVES!

COMMENCE OPERATIONS! THE CLAW ORDERS!

IN A HUGE SUBTERRANEAN ROOM ARE STORED THE CLAW'S MANY INSIDIOUS INSTRUMENTS OF CRIME, ONE OF WHICH IS A BORING MACHINE OF AMAZING QUALITIES!

ONCE IN MOTION, THIS MACHINE WILL TRAVEL FULLY TWENTY MILES AN HOUR, COMPRESSING THE EARTH ABOUT IT INTO SOLID WALLS!

SOON IT BEGINS TO MOVE FORWARD—

FULL AHEAD!

ROARRRRRRR!

MEN ASSIGNED TO LAYING TRACK IN THE MACHINE'S WAKE CANNOT KEEP PACE WITH THIS WONDER OF ENGINEERING!

FASTER! FASTER! DEATH TO THE FIRST TO DROP!

CRAK

DAY & NIGHT THE HELPLESS SLAVES TOIL UNDER THEIR LEADER'S WHIP!- MORE THAN HUMAN FLESH CAN ENDURE— BUT FEAR OF A HORRIBLE DEATH KEEPS THEM WEARILY ON THEIR FEET!

MEN SWEAT AND STRAIN—

CRAK!

SOME SUFFER PAINFUL INJURY—

THUD!

OTHERS FALL VICTIM TO THE "BENDS" DUE TO THE TERRIFIC AIR PRESSURE—

UGGG

AND STILL OTHERS DIE IN ACTION— -LEFT BEHIND!

BUT LIFE ITSELF IS SECONDARY WITH THE CLAW IN HIS MAD RACE AGAINST TIME

ONE MONTH— TWO MONTHS— UNDER EUROPE— UNDER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN DRIVES THE MACHINE!

EUROPE

ATLANTIC OCEAN

NEW YORK CITY

CLAW'S BASE

FINALLY—

IT IS COMPLETED! THE GREATEST FEAT OF ENGINEERING EVER ATTEMPTED BY MORTALS! A TUNNEL TO AMERICA! PREPARE FOR INVASION!!

LONG LINES OF TROOP TRAINS RUMBLE ALONG THE SUBTERRANEAN RAILWAY TOWARD NEW YORK CITY—

NEW YORK CITY! - IF ONLY SEVEN MILLION SOULS KNEW OF THE HUMAN VOLCANO SMOLDERING BENEATH THEIR METROPOLIS! —

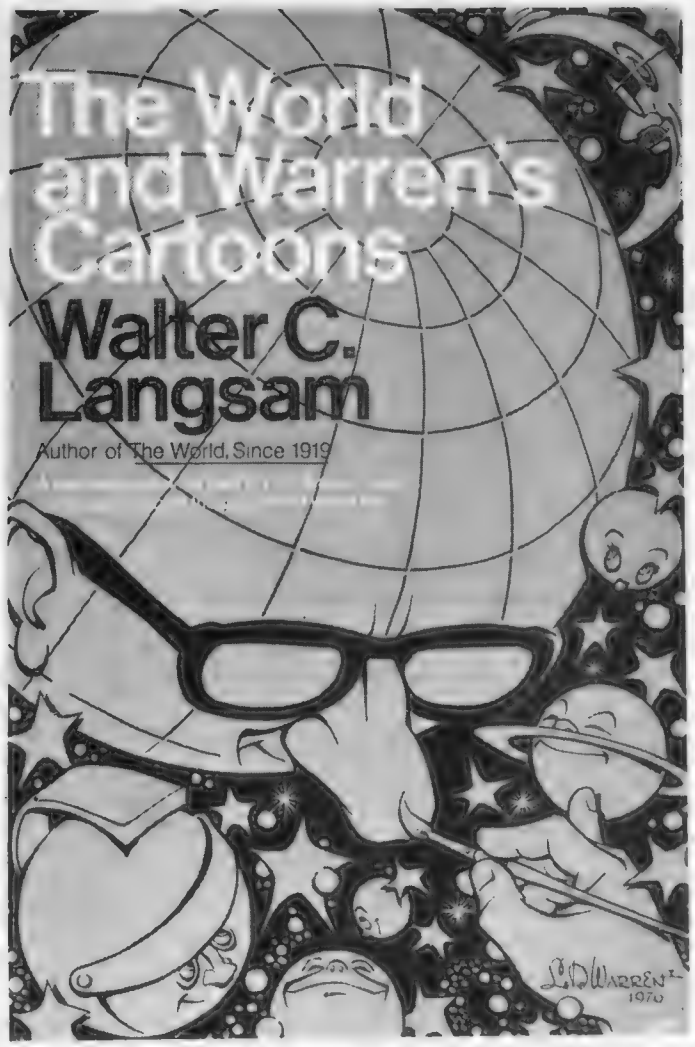
BUT THEY DON'T, SO LIFE GOES ON AS MERRILY AS EVER— ESPECIALLY WITH YOUNG BART & TONIA

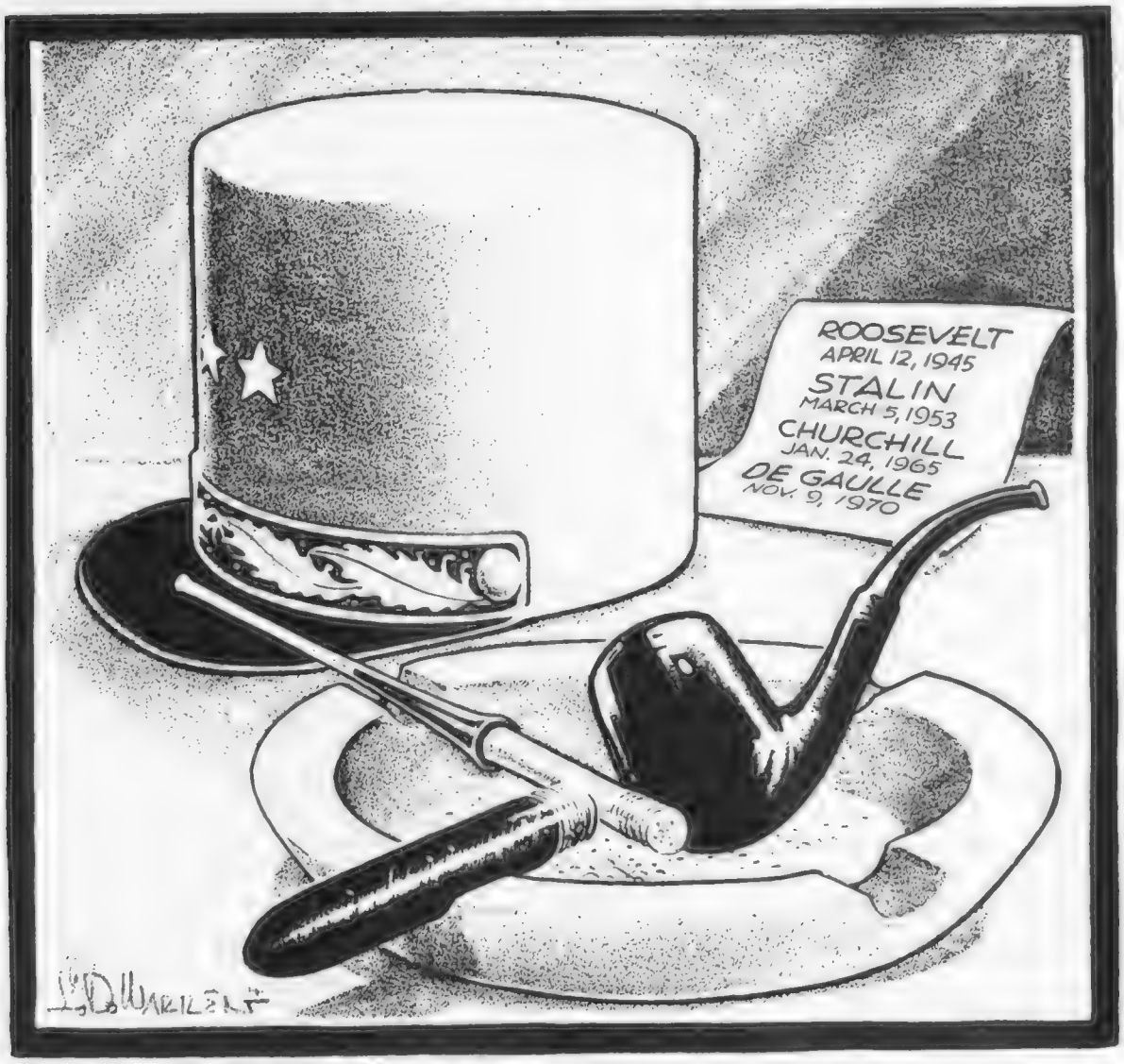
PARTY AT TONIA'S PENTHOUSE
THE BODY SAYS, "DANCE" BUT THE FEET SAY "REST"- HOW ABOUT IT?
SOFTIE! O.K.-OUT ON THE TERRACE!
LOOK AT THAT MOON! - DID YOU EVER SEE A MORE ROMANTIC PIECE OF GREEN CHEESE?
PUT IT ON RYE BREAD AN' YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING!
AWWWWWW! IT'S GOING BEHIND A CLOUD!
THAT'S NO CLOUD!-IT'S A-A HUGE-
CLAW!
OH!
SEVEN MILLION WIDE-EYED SOULS GLANCE SKYWARD AS ONE! REARING HIS UGLY HEAD ABOVE MANHATTAN, CASTING A SHADOW OVER ALL- THE CLAW!
DEATH TO AMERICA!

End of Part 1

This Daredevil-Claw story will be concluded in the next issue of CARTOONIST PROfiles.

L.D. Warren





BIG FOUR REUNION

Walter C. Langsam, who retired as president of the University of Cincinnati, after spending 45 years in higher education—as professor of history at Union College and Columbia University, and as president, successively, of Wagner Lutheran College and Gettysburg College, has written a new book which will greatly interest cartoonists. It's titled 'The World and Warren's Cartoons' and in it he furnishes a backdrop for the cartoons done by L.D. WARREN, the editorial cartoonist for The Cincinnati Enquirer for 26 years until his retirement in 1973. The book is in reality a history of the past 30 years since the close of World War II. Dr. Langsam selected the 290 cartoons in the book from L.D.'s lifetime output of approximately 10,000.

The photos on these pages, of a recent Cincinnati exhibit of Warren's cartoons, were taken by his wife, Julianne, who was news photographer for the Cincinnati Post.

by L. D. Warren

When questioned about the birth of 'The World and Warren's Cartoons', Dr. Walter Langsam informs his listeners, "The event took root at a social gathering." More accurately, it was born in the kitchen of the Warren apartment—Walter and I were mixing cocktails to satisfy the thirst of a very small party. I mentioned my admiration of his skill as a historian and author, and my enjoyment of his many books, particularly 'The World Since 1919', which has appeared in eight editions. He, in turn, scratched *my* back, and the decision was then made to collaborate. Thus was born 'The World and Warren's Cartoons'. Julianne and I have been acquainted with Julia and Walter Langsam since he was appointed President of the University. During the ensuing years I made several chalk talks to the University of Cincinnati students, in connection with exhibits of my cartoons, and was initiated in Sigma Delta Chi, the professional journalistic society. The University also has a collection of my cartoons in its archives. Walter Langsam's 45 years in higher education seemed to coincide with my 45 years of cartooning—but a high school near-dropout collaborating with the President Emeritus of a great university is a different story. Searching through my 10,000 drawings to find those corresponding with events described in the manuscript by Dr. Langsam presented a seemingly endless problem. After several years our work was completed and published by Exposition Press, Inc. in Hicksville, New York. The result, we believe, is impressive. The single new cartoon is the one I drew for the book jacket. Walter and I have blanketed the Greater Cincinnati area with TV and radio interviews, plus autograph sessions at most local and suburban department and book stores and sales reports have been very encouraging.

One final observation: The old order changeth, yielding place to the new. Years ago when I was introduced to strangers, they usually asked, 'L.D. who?' And I remember one evening when I was scheduled to give a chalktalk before a large dinner party, the then Defense Secretary, Neil McElroy, the evening's M.C., introduced me as the husband of that well-known news photographer, Julianne Warren. Now after three years of semi-retirement, the pendulum swings: To promote our book, Shillito's, Cincinnati's largest department store, held an invitational wine and cheese party to meet the authors. 600 of our friends and critics waited in line to get the book autographed by Dr. Walter C. Langsam and *L.D. Warren. Tempus does fugit!*

Photo by Julianne Warren

Dr. Langsam and L.D. review early printing of the book in the Langsam apartment.

Photo by Julianne Warren

Shillito's public autograph session several days after the invitational party.

Photo by Mimi Fuller

They also serve who only stand and wait.

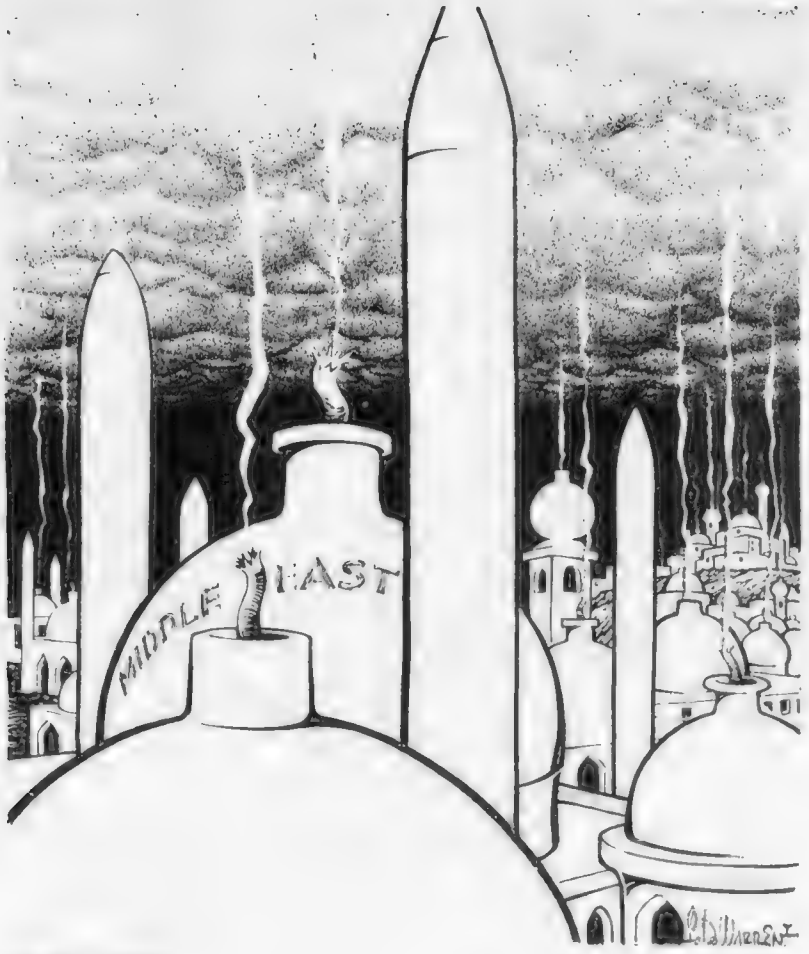
Photo by Mimi Fuller—Cincinnati Post

Walter and Julia Langsam with Julianne Warren and L.D., after the long evening—displaying dress designed with characters from the book jacket.

THE WORLD AND WARREN'S CARTOONS

Photo by Pat Kellison

Artist Paul Chidlaw and Mrs. Chidlaw converse with friends after receiving an autographed book.



SILENT NIGHT

'DON'T BE SURPRISED IF THIS HURTS YOU MORE THAN IT DOES ME!'

'TCH! TCH! JUST LOOK OLD CHARLIE MAKING A FOOL OF HIMSELF!'

IT'S TIME TO RING AGAIN!

Jack Markow, a practicing cartoonist for more than three decades, has had thousands of cartoons published here and abroad, in such leading magazines as The Saturday Evening Post.

As a painter and printmaker, Markow has exhibited in many leading galleries and museums in this country, and has had three one-man shows in New York City. His work is in the permanent collections of the Metropolitan Museum, Hunter College, New Jersey State Museum, City College, University of Georgia, Brooklyn Museum, the Smithsonian and others.

He was cartoon editor of Argosy for three years, and originator of the course in magazine cartooning and gag writing at the School of Visual Arts, where he taught for nine years.

He has written three books in the Grosset and Dunlap Art Service: Drawing and Selling Cartoons, Drawing Funny Pictures, and Drawing Comic Strips. And he is the longtime cartooning columnist for Writer's Digest.

And, last, and far from least, Jack is a regular columnist for CARTOONIST PROfiles. Further, the material he writes for us does not appear elsewhere.

There are always artists, beginners as well as veterans, seeking information on the various phases of cartooning. During my stint as cartooning instructor at the School of Visual Arts, I would be bombarded constantly with students' queries. And since I took over the column on cartooning at *Writer's Digest* over 14 years ago, these questions have continually poured in. These add up to stacks of letters from all over the world asking for tips on comic art. Although their problems seem individual to these questioners, many are repeats of queries sent in by others and form a pattern of the most sought-for information. Some of the most common questions follow—with answers as best as I can give them.

Of Gags and Such

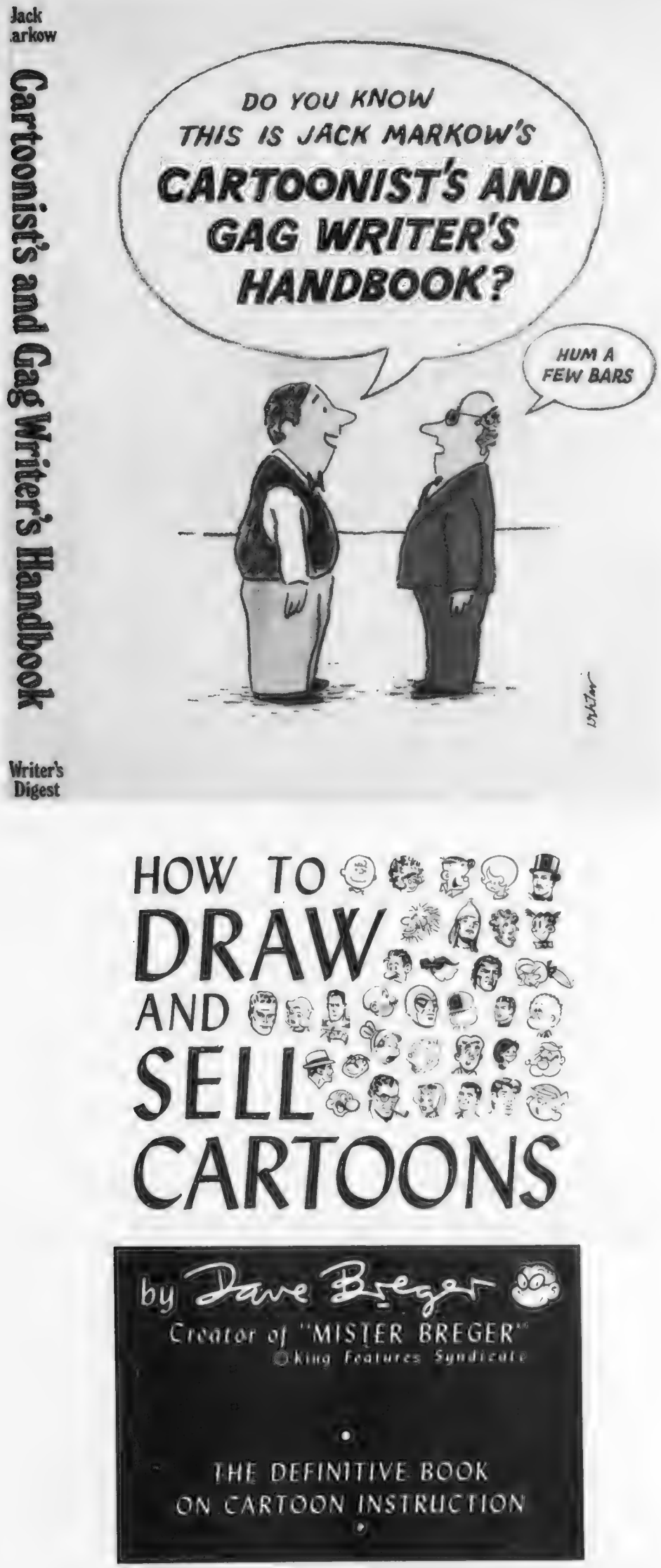
Since a cartoon is not a cartoon without both drawing and idea nicely welded together, there is the problem of the cartoonist who draws well but is not prolific in the area of gag-hatching. There is also the idea whiz who cannot draw. These two desperately need each other. Hence: Gag person, "How can I contact cartoonists?" Cartoonist, "Where can I buy gags?" There should be a scheme similar to a Lonely Hearts Club, a Singles Bar, or Matrimonial Agency where people with this special need of cartoon collaboration could meet—but none exists. The gag writer's best ploy, then, is to write cartoonists c/o *major* magazines in which their work appears—and contact newspaper artists c/o their syndicates, asking whether they need ideas. A self-addressed stamped envelope should be enclosed. Also perhaps a few sample ideas and the writer's track record, if any. The letters will be forwarded. Hookups are easier for the cartoonist. Once he appears in print he is usually contacted by idea people. In addition, he may get in touch with *Writer's Market*, 9933 Alliance Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45242 and be listed in its Gag and Humor Markets section (cartoonists who need ideas). Listings are updated each year. Idea producers should of course study this list for leads. In addition, Gag Re-Cap Publications, Box 86, East Meadow, New York, N.Y. 11554 shows names and addresses of cartoonists and writers who seek collaboration in its annual *Directory of Cartoonists / Short Humor Markets List* ($5). Cartoonist trade journals and newsletters of cartoonists' organizations will occasionally publish special requests dealing with this tie-up of artist and writer.

What is the going rate for an idea? In the magazine field, the usual payment is 25% of the selling price of the cartoon—paid to the writer when the cartoonist receives his check. The writer's cut may be as high as 40% if he is especially good, and gives first look to the cartoonist. When an idea is bought by a magazine from the artist's sketch and assigned to another cartoonist for a finish, the gag man should get 50% of the idea sale price. Price arrangements can be worked out beforehand by artist and writer.

Syndicate comic people ordinarily do not pay on a percentage basis. They dish out a set fee for each approved idea—usually in the $10 to $20 price range. Nowadays, idea guys and gals seem to prefer linking up with feature cartoonists since the latter are their own editors; this provides faster decisions, returns, and checks. As compared with the magazine cartoonist, newspaper comic artists need a larger bank of gags which means more steady work and regular sales for their idea writers.

"As a writer, is it possible to sell my ideas directly to a publication without submitting them to a cartoonist?" *The New Yorker,* for one, purchased many gags for their cartoonists in the past. It buys few, if any, now—preferring that its artists submit a complete package of idea plus drawing. Thus their cartoonists must come up with their own "funnies" or employ gag men. On occasion, a magazine will pop up that wants gags to feed favorite cartoonists; this is usually reported in market lists. A syndicate or two may, at times, buy ideas for their feature artists; these markets may be unearthed by the writer contacting these companies.

The largest markets for direct sales of ideas are the greeting card firms. Many pay well and are avid for gags which will be illustrated by members of their art staffs. Lists of card companies and their needs may be found in *Writer's Market* and *Photographer's & Artist's Market,* both at the same Cincinnati address. For 75¢, the National Association of Greeting Card Publishers, 200 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017 will send you their market list of member companies that buy freelance work; included are helpful hints on how to submit ideas and how to go about writing for cards. For further clues of markets there is also *Greetings' Buyers Guide* ($2.50), the Mackay Corp., 95 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.



10016. Once contacted, most card firms send their contributors regular bulletins of their current subject requirements.

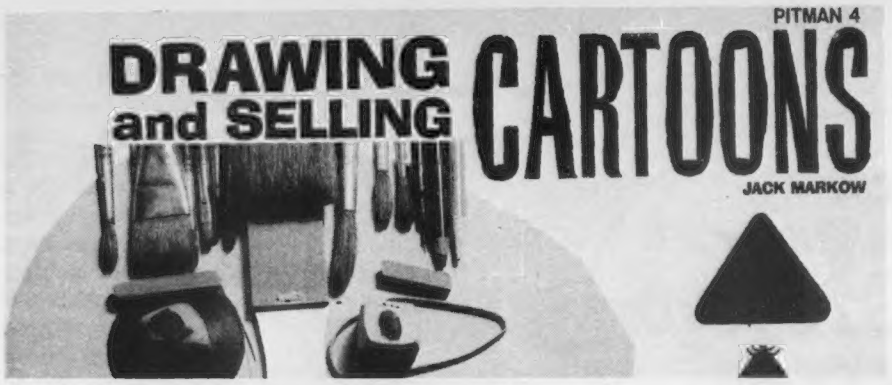
"In producing a cartoon, which comes first—the drawing or the idea?" A question often thrown at pros when interviewed for this publication. Also, a typical layman's question. I would venture that 99% of cartoonists first conceive the gag and then work out the drawing to fit it. Some may start with thumbnail sketches before proceeding to a finish—to see how idea and drawing mesh; this sketching may result in slight changes in the gag. There also may be one or two artists who doodle in a freewheeling way, combining diverse and unlikely characters in a familiar scene—or who juxtapose straight characters within a ridiculous background, hoping these visual aids will spark a solid gag. But mostly the gag is initially conceived in the cartoonist's noggin, is written down so as not to be forgotten, and is eventually converted into graphic form.

Of Material Things

I've received such questions as: "What does Pat Oliphant use, pen or brush?"; "What penpoint does Charles Schulz use for Peanuts?"; "What's George Price's favorite paper?"; "Which is better—pen or brush?" I've been able to give the answers only if I happened to know the artists in question, or did research on these matters. There has been increasing light thrown on how cartoonists work as evidenced by articles in this magazine. The burgeoning of exhibits of cartoon originals such as those at the Museum of Cartoon Art and at various Madison Avenue galleries have given the novice clues on materials employed by cartoonists. Some how-to-cartoon books contain this information. For example, Dave Breger's 1966 book, *How to Draw and Sell Cartoons.* gives the results of a small survey on use of art materials among cartoonists which reads in part: "More cartoonists use Rapidograph fountain pens for drawing roughs than any other (fountain) pen. Pen points used by other cartoonists include Gillott 303, 290, 170, 270, 404, 291, 701; Esterbrook 788, 356, 384, 910, 314, 357; Hunt 107, 512, 99, 513; Speedball points B6, A5, C4 (B6 for lettering)."

As for paper, the 8½ x 11 typewriter kind is mostly used by magazine cartoonists for submitted sketches. At least 20 lb. rag content, for durability. Some employ one-ply bristol board cut down to this size. This is by no means a standard practice. Those who work mostly for one magazine, such as *The New Yorker* or *Playboy* may prefer smaller or much larger areas. The comic strippers invariably draw on bristol board, plate or kid, in varying thicknesses.

For the novice, it's good to pick up clues on materials employed by pros; these often provide shortcuts to techniques. But the beginner is often beset by the illusion that by working with a type of pen used by a famous cartoonist (such as Mort Walker, for example) some of his magic will rub off on him. Basically, any black marks—reproducible—on white paper make a cartoon. The talented one will "make it" whichever tool or technique he uses. Mort Walker and others have arrived at their methods after years of experimentation. In my half-century of cartooning, I first started with a thin pen line with decorative blacks, switched to semi-realistic cartoons for *The New Yorker* using Wolff pencil, turned to a number 3 brush for cartoons to fit all maga-



PITMAN 69
Drawing Comic Strips
JACK MARKOW
what is a limited war?
HE'S GOT LOADS OF AND THEY ALL WORKED YET.. KID - THE BOSS TO SEE ME...

zines and newspapers, and I am now using felt pens. What causes all these changes? First, searching for and finding your own particular amedium. Second, switching for a change of pace. Third, fitting the medium to the market and to an assignment; this includes fashioning a technique that will be foolproof when reproduced (especially for those publications which have less than perfect reproduction facilities). Examples: A charcoal drawing while fine for a slick-paper magazine would be a mess in a newspaper. A one-inch "spot", for clear printing, may require a much stronger line than that of a larger drawing.

Clearly the newcomer to cartooning must try everything—various brushes and pens—until he arrives at the particular tool he is comfortable with. He may experiment with all the fancy art store pens and brushes and eventually find he's most at home with an old fountain pen he once discarded, a ball-point he's purloined from his bank, or a toothpick such as Jack Tippit once used for his *New Yorker* cartoons.

Rules are made to be broken. The old comic strip with its four equally and stiffly ruled panels has given way to the looser layout with no set amount of frames, and unshackled boxes. Plate finish paper is supposed to be ideal for pen work—brush fine for toothed paper. But who is to say that brush on smooth board is not *your* cup of tea? Innovation is the essence. To confute the value of slick pen or brush work once held up as an ideal, there comes along an Ed Koren with an unorthodox and furry line who becomes a complete success.

Of Cartooning Classes

Requests come in concerning cartoon study. These mostly arrive from the nether regions, far from urban areas—and from hopefuls ranging from high school to retirement age. While cartoon classes are not as plentiful as classes/schools dishing out fine art or the applied arts, instruction in funny drawing is increasing throughout the country.

There are the old institutions of art, schools like the School of Visual Arts and the Art Students League. The latter has no regular cartoon class, but Gregory D'Alessio, well-known cartoonist and drawing instructor there, gives tips to those hooked on cartooning. The SVA has courses in Journalistic Art which include comic drawing. Artists like Bill Mauldin, Frank Modell, and Hilda Terry have taken shots at teaching the subject at various colleges. Morrie Turner had classes (and still may have) at Laney Community College, Oakland, Cal. For the past three years, Irv Phillips (Mr. Mum) has taught cartooning at Phoenix College, Phoenix, Arizona. And on and on. At times, these classes come and go. Therefore, for those seeking direct education in comic drawing, their best bet is a visit to the local library and a look at *Lovejoy's Career and Vocational School Guide* and *Lovejoy's College Guide* for a current view of cartoon courses. In most cases, it's "have pen and brush—will travel". However, investigation of adult education courses in one's locality may unearth a comic course or one on illustration, commercial, lettering—even sign painting. It all helps on the road to cartooning.

Of How-To's

When personal instruction is not available, beginning cartoonists turn to books for inspiration. Cartoon collections abound in both hard cover and paperback; here one can catch clues on how professionals build up their comics. Most rewarding, however, are the how-to books. These are not as numerous as the collections, but there are more modern ones around than ever before.

As a result of inquiries sent to him, Jud Hurd, editor of this magazine, asked me to list all the how-to books I had produced. Okay, Jud, I will do that and also add those by other cartoonists.

The following three are by your columnist. They are part of the Pitman Art series, now distributed by Grosset and Dunlap, 51 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010. Paperback ($1.50).

Drawing and Selling Cartoons. This book has been around for over 20 years with numerous revisions and editions. Over 125,000 copies sold, perhaps making it the bestseller in how-to cartoon books. A crash course in cartooning, it includes basic drawing, sophisticated techniques, idea production, presentation, and where to sell. Over 100 illustrations.

Drawing Comic Strips. Zooming in on syndicate work, this paperback digs down into the mechanics of panel and comic strip drawing from sketch to finish, and how and where to sell material for syndication. About 100 illustrations, including examples of Peanuts, Steve Canyon, Dennis the Menace, Hazel, B.C., The Wizard of Id, Beetle Bailey, Nancy and They'll Do It Every Time.

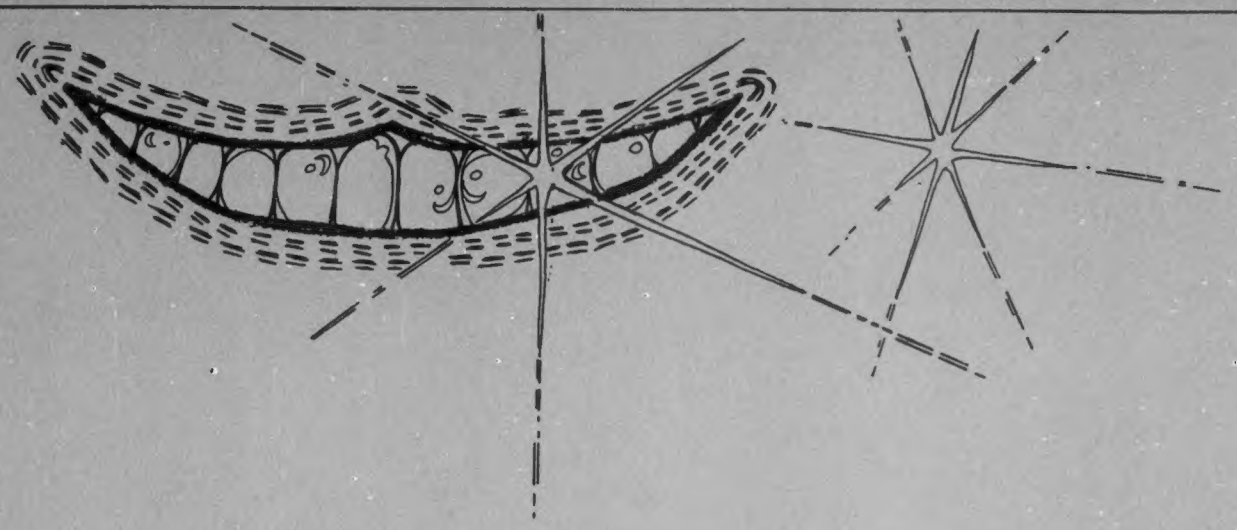
Drawing Funny Pictures. Cartooning lessons for the sprouting cartoonist, aged between five and nine; but anyone up to 95 may pick up tips from this book containing mostly pictures and few words. 48 pages.

Also, *Cartoonist's and Gag Writer's Handbook,* by Jack Markow—a hard-cover, billed as "the only book of its kind available on both cartooning and gag writing". Not the usual how-to-draw book, but one for experienced writers and cartoonists. It includes 96 pages on how to create visual ideas, how to prepare them for the markets, and who buys them. This section of the book is for those who write for cartoonists, syndicate artists, magazine greetings companies, ad agencies, etc.—and for others, including cartoonists, who want to produce sight gags. Another complete section is for the cartoonist and explains how to present and where to market his art. Writer's Digest, publishers. 9933 Alliance Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45242. 157 pages, 125 illustrations, ($7.95).

Cartooning in the U.S.A. by Roy Wilson, Cheshire Publications, Box 494-Y, Torrington, Conn. 06790 ($2). A 9 x 12 44-page paperback, with 100 illustrations. A quick go-around on comic art drawing. Tips on creation of comic strips, magazine cartoons, greeting cards, and cartoons for advertising and book illustration by a pro who has worked in all of these fields.

Cartooning, by Roy Paul Nelson, professor of journalism at the University of Oregon, and a cartoonist. Henry Regnery Co., Chicago, publishers. A 376 page paperback ($5.95). How-to tips on drawing and idea creation in each branch of the profession, quotes from leading cartoonists, history, and philosophy about the comics. Liberally illustrated by the author and by well-known cartoonists.

How to Draw and Sell Cartoons, by Dave Breger, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016 ($8.95). 291 pages, fully illustrated. While the market listings here are somewhat dated, this book gives complete in-depth instruction on all branches of cartooning, with pictures by top specialists in each category. ●



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